TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

WITH each succeeding day it would appear that the British land owner and the land owner's cause, as espoused to the Asquith Ministry and the Lloyd-George budget, are losing in popularity. Lord Lansdowne in a recent address intimated that the Lords might fight the budget on the ground that the British people do not favor taxing the unearned increment and various other of the advanced Socialistic doctrines of the present government, but recent despatches dispel this idea, for the reason that the British people as a whole, are, it is said, sick to death of landlordism, and anything that will give them a respite and put the bulk of taxation where it belongs—with those who can best afford to pay—will be received by the majority of the taxpayers with open arms.

It now remains a question as to whether the House of Lords dare force on a general election, and the chances are that they will make faces and pay up, hoping for the time when they, the representative land owners, may bring the issue directly before the people with more hopeful signs of success.

As a matter of fact, the pinch of poverty has overtaken the British Isles. There are hundreds of thousands of people who do not know where their next meal is coming from. They are wandering through the streets of London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester, homeless, dinnerless. Over here, in a country where all men may earn a living, where none but the aged, the halt and the blind are dependent, we can scarcely realize such a condition. Imagine as many people, men, women and children, as we have here in Toronto, raising their voices in the call for work and bread.

It would seem that the time has arrived when England must make the best use of her acres. "Back to the land" is a weather-worn, grey-haired appeal, but it is as true now as it ever was. There is room in the British Isles for its forty odd millions of people, but it must be the rural England of the old days. Little by little, year after year, the rural population has been crowded into the cities, the farmer and the farm helper have turned to the factory for a living, and now the lean year is on and they starve. For the tourist, the rural England of to-day is a delight. Its vast estates, its noble buildings, its hunting lodges, its well kept grounds, are things to dream of; but, alas, they produce little—these playgrounds of the rich.

If by a process of taxation the landlords of England, titled and untitled, can be made to pay back to the people not a small, but a large proportion of the unearned increment, accruing upon urban property, so much the better for England and for the English people. If Lloyd-George, by a process of taxation, can make it desirable for the land-owner of England to part for all time with portions of his great rural estates, portions which may be developed and made to produce, better yet.

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A LITTLE over sixty years ago, took place at Grosse Isle in the St. Lawrence, the last act of a sordid and hideous tragedy whose loathsome details are equalled only in the story of the Black Hole of Calcutta. These were the years of the potato famine in Ireland. The starving peasantry had no means of support. Food could not be brought to them; and, therefore, it was decided that they should be sent to the food. Every crazy hulk that could be pressed into the service was commissioned, and into their holds were crowded destitute Irish peasants, diseased, starving, desperate. They were kennelled there like so many dogs of low degree, and the only rule of the loading was that there should not be room left for one man more. It was the most horrible exodus in all the sad story of the migrations of nations. Ill-fed, with scarcely enough water to drink and no possibility of washing, huddled together in entire disregard of even the most elementary sanitation, these voyages of two and three months were a protracted agony of disease and misery, loathsome beyond permissible description. It was a repetition of all the horrors of the slave-trade. Every vessel that came to Canada lost over a third of its living cargo on the way, and of the miserable survivors who were thrown in nakedness and disease on Canadian shores, tens of thousands perished in spite of the heroic efforts of those who came to their assistance. At Point St. Charles in Montreal there is a great boulder placed to the memory of five thousand of these unfortunates who came to Canada to find respite from hunger and want, and who found death. And now at Grosse Isle has been erected a beautiful and colossal Irish cross—"Sacred to the memory of thousands of Irish emigrants, who, to preserve their faith, suffered hunger and exile in 1847-48, and, stricken with fever, ended here their sorrowful pilgrimage." Whatever opinion may be held concerning the motives of their coming, there can be no doubt of their great sufferings and pitiful end; and no Canadian, remembering what Canada owes to the survivors of those immigrants and their descendants, can fail to give sympathy to this effort to commemorate the terrible tragedy of their coming.

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STATISTICS recently compiled by the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington, D.C., indicate that not over twenty-five per cent. of national bank directors in the United States are aware of the real condition of the institutions over which they preside. This is an admission which they themselves make. Four per cent. of the directors frankly admitted that they knew nothing of their banks, while twenty-five per cent. were dead sure that their personal supervision is all that could be desired. On the other hand, eighty per cent. could not certify as to the genuineness of the signatures on discounted notes.

In view of what has occurred from time to time in Canada, this information is interesting. We have distinct and not over pleasant recollections of what the directors of the Ontario Bank and the Sovereign Bank of Canada said when the smashes came. In neither case were the majority of directors even remotely aware of what was going on, and quite recently one of the directors of the latter institution, who suffered large financial loss through the Sovereign "blow-up," through no fault of his own, told me that it was quite impossible under existing circumstances for a director to check up a manager of a Canadian bank, as he had found to his cost in the case of the Sovereign. He advocated the appointment of an official to represent the directors. In other words, that the banking laws be amended so as to provide for the appointment of some competent expert to oversee the bank management on behalf of the Board of Directors, who, he said, were in no way competent as a body, to do the work themselves, nor had they ordinarily the time at their disposal to gauge these intricate matters of discounts and book-keeping.

This may or may not be the proper solution of the difficulty, but at the same time the suggestion is worthy of some consideration. If by a double checking system, wholly independent of the bank management, and in the interest of the board of directors, who month after month sign statements of which they have slight if any knowledge at all, as to correctness, both they and the public will have obtained an additional safeguard.

The rascality which has taken place in Canadian banks in recent years has emanated from the head offices, and the general managers, it so happens, have been at the bottom of the plots. In all three recent bank troubles, that of the Ontario, the Sovereign and Bank of St. Johns, an independent audit would have caught these misappropriations, or by whatever name they may be called in their early stages, and the public as well as the directors would have been saved anxious hours and many dollars.

Already our law makers are getting primed and ready for the coming session of Parliament, at which they will, no doubt, discuss at length the manufacture of Canadian Dreadnoughts, cruisers, torpedo boats, and land fortresses. It would perhaps be just as well to postpone the warlike discussion for a time, and aid the country, first of all, in making its banking institutions doubly secure.

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THE Rev. T. Albert Moore, in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Sunday last, made some remarks respecting ice cream and Sunday laws. The reverend gentleman also took a dive into history. He is reported to have said, according to one of the Toronto dailies, that France had never prospered as a nation since the revolution which had destroyed the Sabbath laws. This will be news to the historian, who is most apt to quote modern France as the crowning example of national prosperity. In 1871, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, France obligated herself to pay Germany the sum of 5,000,000,000 francs as the cost of the conflict. Bismarck laughed in his sleeve, for he imagined that he had crippled France for generations to come. But what happened? The French peasant went down in his sock, and this almost incredible sum of money was all paid to Germany in a few short years. When Russia is short of funds she borrows a hundred million at a time from France; and to-day the French Republic is accounted as being the richest country, as well as the most prosperous, in Continental Europe. Let's hope that the Rev. T. Albert Moore's figures relative to the Lord's Day Alliance are a trifle more in accord with facts than are his statements regarding French history.

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WHAT is there about the British immigrant that makes his presence distasteful? Is it a love of fault finding, of pretence, of simulation, of assumption or what? That the average Canadian does not care to employ the average 'Arry and 'Arriet there can be no question. If in doubt as to the truth of this assertion, make a canvas among your friends who employ men and women labor; among the housewives in the cities and the people on the farms. The difficulty does not arise apparently from a mistaken sense of independence on the part of these English immigrants, for who is more independent than the Canadian servant girl and the American artisan? Still they appear to get along well enough with their mistresses and masters in Canada.

It has been the custom of the Canadian press very generally to gloss over these difficulties, and make excuses and deny the gentle allegations that now and again appear in the English papers. This is hardly the method by which these difficulties can be surmounted. If there is something radically wrong with the average English immigrant, then the sooner he is made aware of it and is given opportunity to mend his ways the better. Canada wants the English immigrant. She needs them, but she wants the right kind. It is a case of quality rather than quantity. Better one satisfied immigrant than a thousand dissatisfied ones.

For a time it appeared that Canadians were the only kickers, that we on the northern half of the North American continent were faultfinders extraordinary. But not so, for from Western Australia comes a plaint that the British immigrants to that land of sunshine and plenty "won't do." The faultfinder is no less a person than Premier Moore of Western Australia. According to the cable despatches, a deputation of settlers from the Old Country brought a number of alleged grievances to the Premier's notice. It would appear that this was no new experience for Premier Moore, who is reported to have said:

"I have had more trouble with British immigrants than any other class of settlers, and am going to tell the Agent-General not to send out any more immigrants, no matter how much capital they may have, unless he is thoroughly satisfied they are men who can make a success on the land."

What was the particular trouble with this group of Australian immigrants? It would be interesting to obtain a statement of their deficiencies from Premier Moore, but lacking this one must draw his own conclusions. I would venture to predict, however, that these people to whom the Australian Premier referred belonged to that class very generally known as "kickers," and that, moreover, they proceeded to Australia with the inborn but mistaken idea that being Englishmen they were entitled to more consideration than are people of other nationalities.

This idiosyncrasy which is unquestionably the view point of many immigrants who should know better, is well exemplified in the old story of the two late arrivals in the shelter house.

Bill—"They're treating us pretty white here."

'Arry—"Why shouldn't they. Don't we own 'em?"

Such ideas may in time be kicked out of Bill and 'Arry, but in the interval it remains to my mind one of the secrets of the ill success of a great number of English immigrants.

The old-time English notion that the colonies were excellent places wherein to lose scapegrace sons has about run its course, and probably no future English judge will condemn his prisoners to go to Canada as an alternative to taking a term in jail, but at the same time many of these men and women of English birth, and particularly those of limited education who perchance intend to make the colonies their future home, have much to learn. They will in the vast majority of cases get even handed justice, but they will on the other hand be granted no special favors. They must work out their own salvation, and beyond all other things, they must be content to take things as they find them. That our mutton isn't as good, our beer poor, our cheese inferior, our roads rough, our country lanes shadeless, may be all true enough, but at the same time we object to both the tune and the words.

"Orders of aristocracy more powerful and even more noisy than our own were swept away when they failed to live with the times and had barred the path of great reforms."—Winston Churchill, M.P., on the Lloyd-George Budget.

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ANOTHER dream of youth dispelled; another illusion blighted. I walked along the dusty roadway leading to Dufferin Park in company with nineteen or twenty thousand other people; more or less. And I dreamed a dream of the time when a circus was a circus. Of the days when the main tent held possibly two thousand people in place of fifteen thousand as at present. Of the time when there was one ring, or possibly two, with a platform between We boys all figured out days ahead where we could sit and witness the entire performance without becoming cross-eyed, and we went up hours before the show and watched the men at the cook wagon and the horses tethered in long lines.

There was always an animated discussion as to whether it was best to go to the afternoon or the evening performance, which was usually adjusted by our hanging 'round the grounds all day and giving up the hard-earned quarter, or half dollar if father took us, at promptly seven p.m. This gave us an hour to look at the animals. And my! but they looked good to us. Possibly there were not so many elephants, but there was old Jumbo and the baby elephant. Old Jumbo, I remember, was killed in a railway wreck, but I wonder what became of the baby elephant? Possibly well grown by this time. Then for the circus. The clown talked back to the ring master in those days, and got well laced for it too. There was bareback riding, and the smiling lady in the airy costume jumped through the hoops of fire from the horse's back. The elephants were led into the ring—holding tails—the springboard was adjusted, and over the animals somersaulted the pink-clad performers. And last of all in the long line was the clown awaiting his turn. He always made a bluff the first time, and then ran over the elephants' backs. But he was only fooling, for he showed you later how well he could do the trick.

Then followed days of the "show" in father's barn. The old mare was brought into requisition, as were the big sister's stockings, and I'll tell you confidentially, boys, that when sewn to a pair of drawers, they make excellent tights. Father wondered what made the old mare's back all sticky, but we didn't tell him that it was the resin that we had carefully worked into sister's stockings; for how can one play circus without plenty of resin?

But what did I see in place of all this? A tent seating fifteen thousand people, but containing sixteen thousand or more—a thousand seated on straw in front of the seats. And alas, it was not a circus at all. It was a vaudeville performance. Yes, a vaudeville performance on a huge scale, all the acts of which will be seen in Toronto from time to time. True, there were the animal acts, but aside from this, it was just vaudeville, and instead of seeing it all as in the old days, you gazed straight ahead at one ring and one platform, for the other rings and other platforms were so far away that they were hazy and indistinct in that heavy atmosphere.

Alas, a circus is no longer a circus, and I cannot help but feel sorry.

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WHEN a man sells you a "gold" brick, or trades you in "con" money, you forthwith have him arrested, and the chances are he is sent to jail. Why should then the dispenser or manufacturer of pepper, the ingredients of which are chiefly flour, cocoanut shell and sand, escape the penalty of his acts? or why should the man who weighs sixteen ounces of burned grain and chicory, and asks the price of a pound of pure coffee, be not sent to jail?

Upward of fifty per cent. of the coffee, cloves and peppers, black, white and red, which are daily retailed over the counters in Canada, are grossly adulterated. This is not a wild stab in the dark, but the plain cold facts as borne out by the Inland Revenue Department's bulletins. Following is a paragraph from one of the latest reports:

"It cannot be said that any of the substances identified as foreign matters in ground pepper are, in the strict sense unwholesome; but pepper dust and refuse (ground husks, etc.), are likely to contain many forms of dirt, and are, at least, very undesirable admixtures; while sand, flour, cayenne, cocoanut shells, etc., are, at the best, distinct frauds against the pocket, if not a menace to the stomach of the consumer."

"Some of the comments upon the microscopical examinations of the samples taken up by the department are interesting. Samples of white pepper procured in May are characterized as follows: 'Adulterated. This is labelled white, but is a black pepper, contains wheat flour, cocoanut shells and dirt.' 'Adulterated with buck-

wheat flour.' 'Adulterated with wheat flour.' 'Contains excess of stone cells; brown in color; probably meant for black pepper.'"

Next in the report, the fellow who adulterates maple syrup is dealt with. Here it is stated that adulterations are not as frequent as formerly. But what they were formerly can be grasped from the fact that out of 84 samples examined only 64 were found to be genuine. Two samples were taken in Toronto and both were found to be adulterated, and in both of these cases the merchant admitted that the syrup was not genuine, even before the analysis.

It appears that in the matter of native wines we are no better off. Canadian clarets are labelled "old port," while the labels on hundreds of brands of the native product would give the impression that they were the imported article. However, the list does not end here, for our mustards are largely starch and tumeric, our strawberry jam is made of apples, hay seed and a flavoring extract, but the latter, the report reassures us, is not injurious. Our unfermented grape juice is colored with aniline dyes, and so is a great deal of our butter, particularly in the winter season.

The chief difficulty is that so long as there is in Canada no pure food enactment such as the United States has in force, the honest dealer who refuses to fool his customer with "fake" goods labors under a decided disadvantage.

People demand spices, coffees, preserves, imported wines, and a lot of other things at less money than the pure article can be produced for, the consequence being that the penny wise, pound foolish customer will trade where the "con" game is being worked.

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WE are here in Canada in a fair way to kill legitimate horse racing. At Fort Erie is now operated a gambling resort under the name of a race track, and to add insult to injury, the Dominion Government has granted a charter to the Metropolitan Racing Association of Canada, which charter allows the promoters to open and operate tracks in various places throughout Canada.

Driven out of the United States, these track gamblers are seeking a refuge in Canada. The Fort Erie track with all its gambling outfit and crooked devices will, no doubt, be duplicated over here many times. The cheap New York and New Jersey tracks of the days before Governor Hughes made his masterful fight in the former State, and before the people at large concluded that the element of harm was too great to be further overlooked, are, it appears, due to be duplicated here.

The Ottawa authorities in granting this blanket charter to the Metropolitan Racing Association of Canada have made a serious blunder, and it is time for those who believe in racing as a sport and not as a gambling device, to point out to our Ottawa friends the seriousness of their error.

We have no use over here for the cheap race track gambler and his unhealthy outfit, and the sooner he realizes it the better.

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LATIN Americans still continue to misgovern themselves. When the United States had freed Cuba from Spanish misrule, had cleaned up the Island, had set the Cuban house in order; and finally had ordered home her troops, there was a general disposition to imagine this to be the end of the matter; and that thereafter the Cubans would look after their own internal affairs.

But not so. No sooner had the United States troop ships sunk hull down on the horizon than bickerings and brawlings began to appear, until finally in order to suppress actual insurrection, the troops of the Republic were sent back for a second occupancy. For a second time the United States soldiers returned home, and again we have renewed proofs of the incapacity of the Cuban for self government. As a matter of fact, the Spaniard, resident in Cuba, is a model citizen. He works along, is content with his lot, and is altogether a good fellow. But the Cuban is off another piece. He is a sort of cross-breed between a rattle snake and a tarantula, always ready for a cock fight, a bull fight, or a national lottery.

By nature, an indolent biped, the average Cuban would any time rather stir up an insurrection than do an honest day's work. Presumably, it's in the breeding, for like most of the South Americans, the average Cuban is more or less black; more, rather than less, and is not at any time to be confounded with the pure blood Spaniard.

The Cuban Congress has now adjourned without passing the budget, and President Gomez has been obliged to retain the budget of the year just closed. With their characteristic idea of statesmanship, the Cubans passed a law creating a national lottery, and another legalizing cock fighting. Two most important matters in the eyes of these Cuban Congressmen. The budget, these statesmen resolved, could go hang for the reason that incorporated in it was a provision for the payment of the expenses of the second United States occupancy. Just why these Cubans should object to paying for the policing of their Island, thus saving it from actual bloodshed and revolution, is hard for the Northern mind to conjecture. The chances are that the United States will not force the Cubans to pay their debts, at least, not now. But the time will come when this experiment at self government will cease, and one might venture to predict that the next time the United States troops are landed on Cuban shores in order to preserve internal peace, they will not be removed at the suggestion of the Cubans themselves.

For upward of ten years Cuba has had a free hand in its attempt at self government, and it has proven one long lingering failure. In this interval the United States Government has kept faith. They promised when the Spanish-American war began to free Cuba and allow the island to govern itself—if it could. There appears now to be little hope of anything but permanent American occupancy. As a matter of fact, the law-abiding Cubans of pure Spanish blood, who, while not in the majority, form the most intelligent and progressive portion of the community, would welcome the permanent occupancy of the United States with open arms.

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THE Washington correspondent of The Boston Transcript, an unusually well informed, as well as conservative newspaper, states that the abrogation of the Rush-Bagot Convention is at hand. That this treaty, or convention as it is called, has been violated at regular intervals by the United States within the past few years there can be no doubt. War vessel after war vessel, mostly of antique pattern, it is true, have made their way through the Canadian inland waterways, and with the permission of the Ottawa authorities have been placed on the Great Lakes.

The Rush-Bagot convention, entered into between the United States and Great Britain in 1817, was intended to limit the size and number of vessels of war upon these inland seas. For nearly a hundred years this convention has worked to the satisfaction of all concerned, but it now appears that we have come to the parting of the ways. Discussing the matter, the Boston Transcript says:

The King of Spain, who has recently been having so much trouble with the Moors as well as with his subjects at home, is shown here with his infant daughter, Princess Beatrice. The King, it will be noticed, is not a subject for a beauty contest.

"Much of the difficulty has arisen because the shipbuilding companies of the American ports of the Great Lakes, like Cleveland, desire to take a hand in the construction of vessels for the navy. This is prevented by the Rush-Bagot convention, and efforts have been made to get a modification of it without success. In 1890 the American Government sought to make an arrangement with the Joint High Convention that would permit unequipped war vessels built on the Great Lakes to pass out to ocean through the Canadian canals. This would probably have been agreed to but the Commission got into a deadlock over the Alaskan boundary and ended without doing anything. At that time there was talk of giving six months' notice to end the agreement. The American argument was that in case of war this country would be helpless as any number of light vessels of the British navy could work through the Canadian canals and enter the Great Lakes. Since 1890 the matter has dragged along. The Rush-Bagot agreement has never been terminated largely for the reason that certain American vessels have been permitted to pass through the canals and into the upper lakes. Canada has refrained from making trouble on account of the fact that the American armament on the Great Lakes largely exceeds her own. Doubtless Canada well knows that a protest from her made openly would result in the termination of the convention.

"Canada has wanted to keep the convention in existence for the reason that it prevents that country from going to heavy expense for naval vessels on the lakes. On the other hand, there is demand from some quarters in Canada for increased naval defence. It seems likely that some new understanding will have to be worked out and judging by reports of Canadian uneasiness about the matter it need cause no surprise if the subject has to be given careful consideration at the Washington end of the line at any time."

Bordering upon the Great Lakes the United States has many millions of her population, and that she should be anxious to train her young lake sailors for naval duty upon the high seas when occasion requires is but natural. With the building of our proposed Canadian navy we will unquestionably desire to do the same. Naval men cannot be trained without naval vessels, and these must neither be old nor obsolete, if the work is to be effective. That lake sailors can do good work on the high seas was shown in the war between Spain and the United States, for there her fresh water sailors manned a cruiser and gave a good account of themselves.

If we are to build a navy, the abrogation of the Rush-Bagot convention will in time to come be as much in our interest as it is now in the interests of the United States.

These are some of the prices we pay on this North American Continent when we get into the game of war.

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THE systematic spoilation of the fortune which Castro left behind him in Venezuela serves well to illustrate the insecurity of property in South American countries, for what has happened to Castro's millions might just as well have occurred to the hard earned dollars of any British subject who was rash enough to plant his good money in that revolt-ridden land.

No one will, of course, waste much sympathy upon the ex-president who for so many years has been the fly in the ointment in international politics, but at the same time the lesson is one which it will be well for those who have leanings toward South American investments to consider. The method by which a million dollars' worth of Castro's property was reduced to fifty thousand, and this paltry remainder then taken away from him is certainly a revelation in "high" finance.

It appears that Castro was the owner of one million dollars' worth of cigarette shares, given him originally as his share in the promotion of the Cigarette Trust. So far it sounds very much like what might have occurred in Montreal or Toronto. A few weeks ago the directors of the Cigarette Trust sold the entire concern, worth approximately five million dollars, to a private individual, for $250,000, or five per cent. of its capitalized value, though the shares were quoted the same day on the exchange as 25 per cent. premium. Next in order was the formation of a new company which took in all the old stockholders, Castro excepted. From a well-known financial journal I quote what happened next:—

"Then there was issued an order by the Commercial Court to have the $50,000, which corresponded to the 5 per cent. purchase price of the Castro stock, deposited in the Bank of Venezuela to the order of whoever might be the holder of this stock. So in one day one million dollars of good money became fifty thousand.

"But the worst was yet to come.

"This $50,000 awakened the cupidity of more than one lawyer, so it was immediately attached by individuals who have lawsuits pending against Castro for the recovery of properties and damages.

"The sequel of this story of 'high finance' was the sudden arrival a few days ago of a German citizen, named Theodore Hauer, with the million dollars of cigarette shares in his pocket, and he claims that these belong to him by virtue of purchase from General Castro. He has engaged eminent counsel and will begin action against the perpetrators of the alleged illegal reorganization which 'froze out' these shares of his. What has been done with Castro's cigarette stock is an exact repetition of the process used to oust him from the company which controls the monopoly of navigation of the Orinoco River and by which his large block of stock was made worthless." THE COLONEL.

Regulating Street Traffic.

Parry Sound, Ont., Aug. 15th.

Mr. Editor:—

I was in your town last Friday for the first time in twenty years, and while I was surprised at its growth and delighted with its general good looks, I was almost fatally pained by its lack of street traffic regulation. Yesterday I read what you had to say on the subject and I endorse your remarks for all my endorsement is worth.

In New York city, street traffic is now so well regulated that we seldom kill or injure a foot passenger except by automobile off the main line of travel, but New York was very considerably larger than Toronto is before we got our traffic into tolerable condition. But that is no reason why Toronto should not do it now. A little bit of study in cities where traffic is properly, or nearly properly, regulated will show how it is done, and the rest is comparatively easy, because I do not think that drivers of the various street vehicles are really destrous of killing or injuring persons who may be in their way. They may not be deeply concerned in the public safety on foot, but it is annoying to them to be compelled to lose time by the law's delay, and they will observe regulations of traffic if set before them clearly and a few examples of enforcement are offered.

Another matter I observe in Toronto street traffic is the custom of street car tracks turning corners in congested districts. Has it never occurred to those persons who dominate street car lines that tracks should cross each other at right angles only? This rule may be more expensive than the curve style, and may not be so convenient in certain localities, but it is the safe method. Perhaps your curved car lines may not be directly fatal in their effects, but they get there just the same by producing nervous disorders in thousands who are ever on the dodge at a curve with intersecting lines at right angles as is the case at some of the Toronto corners. This same defective method is followed in most cities of the States—you may recall New York's famous, or infamous, "Dead Man's Curve." While a car track curve might be tolerated in the less frequented sections of a city, it should not exist in congested districts.

Having set forth my views on this subject, and hoping that Saturday Night will succeed in securing the needed street traffic regulation, I am

Yours truly,
W. J. LAMPTON.

Pneumatic Tires.

THE first pneumatic tire patent was registered in England in 1845 by R. W. Thomson. The salient features of this pioneer's "aerial wheels" were covered in the specifications in this quaint phraseology:

"The nature of my said invention consists in the application of elastic bearings around the wheels of carriages for the purpose of lessening the power required to draw the carriage, rendering their motion easier and diminishing the noise they make when in motion. I prefer employing for the purpose a hollow belt composed of some air and water tight material, such as caoutchouc or gutta percha, and inflating it with air, whereby the wheels will in every part of their revolution present a cushion of air to the ground, or rail, or track on which they run."

After many experiments with Thomson's "aerial wheels" on all sorts of horse drawn vehicles, covering a period of several years, the invention fell into complete oblivion, and it was not until bicycles became an accomplished fact that the pneumatic tire was again brought out, this time by Dunlop, in 1888.

Their application to the bicycle was not a complete success, however, as their usefulness ended with the first puncture, so it may be said that the first satisfactory pneumatic was that introduced by Michelin in France a few years later. The Michelin tire was detachable, the first of that type, could be repaired easily on the road by the rider, and soon became the subject of much imitation

As early as 1894 Michelin tires had reached such development as to resemble closely in general features the pneumatics now universally used on automobiles and bicycles. The then struggling automobile manufacturers, however, could not be induced to look on the seemingly frail air tubes with anything but disfavor. The late M. Levassor, one of the world's first and most enthusiastic automobile builders, voiced the sentiment of other car makers when he made his now historic remark: "You might fill a tire with hay or straw and get through an automobile race successfully, but with air, never!"

It was only after a most practical road demonstration at the expense of the tire manufacturer himself that pneumatics got their first firm foothold. This was in the Paris-Bordeaux speed and endurance contest of 1895, in which Messrs. Michelin entered a car that they built themselves at their own rubber factory at Clermont-Ferrand, France, in order to prove to the world that pneumatic tires were practical, no automobile manufacturer being willing to risk his car on anything but solid tires.

This demonstration of the success of pneumatics astonished the world, and only a year later such progress had been made that Count De Dion expressed the opinion of all when he said: "We make the cars, but Michelin makes the rails."

It is a fact that the modern high powered, fast but light weight automobile would be impracticable were it not for the invention and present perfection of the pneumatic tire. The pioneers in each field, the tire maker and the car builder, have worked hand in hand, year after year.

The financial editor of The New York American recently travelled through the Canadian West, and he assures the world that the land of the future is north of the international boundary line. In The American he says:

"I have never seen such wheat. For days we travelled through magnificent agricultural country, where money was growing so fast that the general prosperity to ensue is almost incalculable. Alberta is a vast coal field and granary. The Canadian Pacific traverses a territory of boundless possibilities; the Canadian Northern is reaching out to the north and west, and every foot of the 'Soo' country is productive. I must say that the millions of unoccupied Canadian lands offer the strongest and safest attractions; that the railroads and business interests generally have all certainties contained in the rapid development, and more to follow."

In recognition of the heroism of Major O'Brien, an Irishman, who was commanding officer of the Forty-Ninth Regiment of Infantry of the Austrian army, and who contributed largely to the victory over the French forces in the battle of Schwarzlackenau on May 23, 1809, a monument was recently unveiled near the battlefield with much pomp and ceremony. The monument is in the form of an obelisk, about eleven feet high, capped by a huge bronze eagle and bearing on one side a medallion portrait of the Austro-Irish hero.

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Milliners, Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers.
ORIGINAL CREATIONS IN RECEPTION GOWNS AND LINEN SUITS, MUSLIN AND COTTON DRESSES FOR MORNING WEAR. TROUSSEAUX AND BRIDES MAIDS' DRESSES A SPECIALTY.
Paris Kid Glove Store
LA GREQUE, CORSETS, LA SPIRITE, LA ADRIA.
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WALL PAPERS
It would be hard, indeed, to wish for anything more attractive in coloring and design than this season's Wall Papers.
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Special Prices now for Painting and Decorating in all its branches. Very likely we've done work for you. If not, we hould like to.
The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
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The lagging summer appetite revives in the cool and pleasant surroundings of the St. Charles Grill.
Add to a thoroughly good menu, with many dishes specially selected for hot weather, dainty table appointments, prompt and courteous service—this is what the St. Charles offers you.
It's a pleasant place to eat in any kind of weather.
THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
60-70 Yonge Street

Still Another Week
OF OUR GREAT
Alteration Sale

If you want a pair of High-Class Summer Shoes at Bargain Prices; here's your chance.
All Summer goods reduced in price.
BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge St.

Is Your Dining Room
ready for the fall and winter season? We can fill any vacancies in silverware most satisfactorily in either English or Canadian patterns.
Wanless & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1840
396 Yonge St., - Toronto

THE FIRELESS COOKER

This new invention was made to save the housewife money, and it is fulfilling its mission in every way.
Enough fire is required to start the work—and that's very little. Then the vegetables, fish or meats are placed in the Cooker.
Isn't That Simplicity?
The Cooker then immediately begins operations, and never stops until each article is thoroughly cooked.
And That's Not All!
The flavor of everything is retained—the natural desirableness of everything foreign to a "rush" job on a hot stove.
Another pleasant feature of the Silver Fireless Cooker is the great saving of time, and does away with all the usual overheating, highly odorous condition of the house during the meal preparing time.
We haven't room here to tell a small part of the story. But have we sufficiently interested you to come? Prices, $11.00, $12.50 and $15.00.
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Every person with surplus money available for Investment needs to exercise care when making selections suitable to his individual needs.

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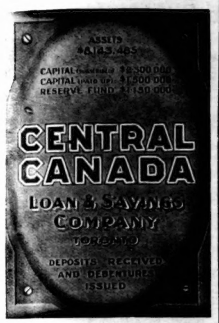

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Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$28.85	$29.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

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Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Toronto General Agents.

Is that the pleasure of the house?

IT'S A VOTE

It's the house people who really know about the quality of the Coal, for that's where the test is made. Try CROWN Coal this year. It's the best that's mined.

THE CROWN COAL CO.
LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE: 97 KING ST WEST
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Head Office:
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Branches open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday night.

78 Church Street
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst Streets.
Cor. Bloor West and Bathurst Streets.
Cor. Queen East and Ontario Streets.
20 Dundas St. W., West Toronto.

One dollar starts a savings account at full compound interest. Money Orders issued payable anywhere in Canada or United States.

Letters of Credit issued for the convenience of Canadians travelling in any part of the world.

James Mason General Manager.

THE extraordinary age of 45 years and 9 months was attained by a horse owned by Col. Heath which has just died at the Colonel's farm at Apollo Bay, Victoria.

Col. Heath states that there can be no possible doubt as to the animal's age, as he still has the diary containing the entry showing when it was foaled. It is in all probability the greatest record known. The horse was ridden by the Colonel as a charger in its youth, and several times carried him from Melbourne to Shepperton—160 miles—in two days. It was sired by a famous racehorse named King Alfred, its mother being an Australian Arab bred mare.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

MONTREAL, Aug. 18, 1909.

SHOULD you, in your little journeys, run across anyone who talks of buying the Island of Anticosti you might possibly be acting the part of the Good Samaritan in inducing him to turn aside from his intentions. It seems there is a dispute as to the ownership of the place. A King of France who never saw the island and never did anything for it except give it away, and probably never even was conscious of its existence, presented it to someone, God bless him, a great many years ago. In fact, for all we know, he may have given it away to several persons. It was easy to give things away, those days. All you had to do was to be a king, pretend you owned a stray continent somewhere and give it to some person or persons, and from that time forward, for all time, other people were supposed to be perfectly satisfied. What is more, it seems many are perfectly satisfied, for we find that the dispute as to who is the real owner of the Island of Anticosti takes no account whatever of the people who have actually inhabited it all these years but jumps back to ascertain the will of a King of France who was mouldering in his grave long before our grandfathers were born. Well, well!

⁂

Where Menier Comes In.

It is now some ten years or so since the announcement was made that Henri Menier, the French chocolate king, had purchased the Island of Anticosti, which, as most know, lies like a tongue down there in the mouth of the St. Lawrence. During the following few months we read more about the island than we ever knew before. The papers were full of Henri Menier and his little continent, and nice little pictures were given of his private yachts and his fishing resorts and his inland fastnesses, until we almost began to feel as though we were in at the making of a new king. In fact, the Union-Jackers were early to the fore with the awesome suggestion that Menier might be an advance spy of the French government whose intention it was to fortify the island and thus be in a position to command the passage of ships up and down the St. Lawrence, when France and England came to blows. Others resented what they considered the establishment of a French principality within Canada. The situation, from a dime-novel standpoint, certainly began to look hopeful.

M. GASTON MENIER
The chocolate king who purchased Anticosti, the title of which is now in dispute.

⁂

The Real Danger.

The only real danger in the situation, in fact, was that Menier and his Canadian peasants, fishermen and serfs, generally, might come to blows. These sons of toil had long made a living on the island, and to be dispossessed of the houses they and their fathers had builded, or to be compelled to pay rent for the property they had cleared and cultivated, would certainly not dispose them to regard Menier as a kind, old Santa Claus. The possibility of wholesale evictions was spoken of, and was followed, probably, by representations to the Canadian Government. Some action was also taken by the heads of religious congregations, and it was suggested to pray the Lord of the Isle to be merciful to these poor souls who had been entrusted to his care. Then came Menier himself and nothing terrible happened. For some years, now, nothing has been published about him and his island. He has not been over again to visit it, apparently, and from all that can be seen he takes no further interest in it.

⁂

Will Sell Out.

Now, from advertisements which appeared in the papers not long since, Mr. Menier is disposed to part with his little principality. He may not be advertising the place for sale, but someone else laid claim to the island and warned all and sundry against purchasing from Henri Menier. It is worth while quoting the advertisement, itself. It was as follows:

"NOTICE.—The newspapers advertise that Mr. Henri Menier will sell the ANTICOSTI ISLAND. Consequently I inform any one who would be inclined to buy that ISLAND from Mr. Menier, that he will be obliged to support the effects of such a transaction. Mr. Menier having refused to recognize the Heirs of Louis Jolliet and Jacques de la Fontaine, the owners of that ISLAND, these latter will oppose anyone who would make the purchase. Mr. Henri Menier, of Paris, has no valuable title to the possession of the ANTICOSTI ISLAND, and can't have same only from the undersigned owner, conjoint and attorney of the Heirs of Jolliet and De La Fontaine."

"MICHEL PARENT-MINGAN,
Seigneur de Mingan and the ISLAND OF MINGAN and ANTICOSTI."

⁂

How About King of Siam.

I suppose it all depends upon what the King of France did with it, a few centuries ago. It seems strange that it should be so, but life is chuck full of strange things so a few more or less shouldn't keep us awake at nights. The King probably gave it away to half a dozen of his trusty Frenchmen. How could a king be expected to remember the map of Canada and what he did with this and that island. Suppose the present King of Siam began distributing the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, what an awful mix-up there would be a few centuries hence when the heirs of the recipients began to exercise their right of title. All good Canadians ought to be glad of one thing, however. They ought to rejoice that the good King of France gave the Island of Anticosti away to someone. Think what a loss it would be not have the island at all. Those old kings builded well, those days, and mightily thankful we should be to them for such a fine country, of course.

T.C.A.

⁂

TORONTO, AUG. 19.

MONEY is working a little closer in the domestic markets. There is no special change in rates for call loans, but there is less disposition to lend on securities. The demand for trade and industry is increasing, and naturally at this season of the year the tendency is towards firmer rates. The banks are in excellent shape, having large reserves to draw against, and for all legitimate purposes there will be an ample supply. The note circulation is expanding, and this will not relax until about the end of October. It is not unlikely, that in consequence of the large harvest at good prices, the bank circulation will reach in the neighborhood of $90,000,000 before the movement of grain terminates. There has been a reduction in the rates of sterling exchange at New York, and this forbids exports of gold. This outward movement of the precious metal will give place to the exports of grain and cotton, which are likely to be large the next three months.

⁂

Twin City.

The general tone of investment securities has been strong. As a rule, August is a bull month. It is freer than most months from incidents that make for depression, and there is usually a hopeful feeling with regard to the crop outlook. The movement of greatest importance this week was in Twin City Rapid Transit stock. The sharp upward movement had not been expected so soon, and for a time it was a difficult matter to get any stock, which advanced to the highest price in over two years. It is said that this property was never in better shape than at present, and that a larger distribution to shareholders will come before very long. Twin City sold up to about 135 half a dozen years ago, so that current prices do not look so very dear. The Lowry stock is said to have been all placed, and the floating supply seems restricted. There is no litigation ahead of the company, and the only suit in the courts is for the straight five-cent fare. The company are fighting against limited time and reduced rates by the issuance of tickets. It seems to us to be bad policy in thus contending for a straight five-cent fare. There are a large number of people, in fact, it is quite general for people to walk a few blocks rather than give up a 5c. piece for a ride. But when supplied with tickets, most of us would ride. The Toronto Railway Company owes its financial success more to the limited tickets and reduced fares than probably to anything else. The public are carrying around with them all the time several varieties of tickets to be used at certain hours and days, all of which are paid for, the company getting the money. A further advance in Toronto Railway shares seems to be expected, and the increases in earnings go on with the same montonous regularity. Bank shares have been in better demand, with the outlook good for larger profits the next year.

⁂

Loan Companies.

According to a return issued by the Dominion Government, the number of building societies, loan and trust companies in Canada now number 80. The greatest number of such companies was in 1899, when they were 102, but owing to amalgamations, they have since dropped to 78, while the number was 80 in 1908. The paid-up capital of these companies is $54,267,491, and their reserve funds $20,144,745, the largest on record. They have on deposit $22,953,577, which amount was only exceeded in 1906, when the aggregate deposits were $23,046,194. The largest proportion of debentures issued by these companies were sold in Great Britain, chiefly in Scotland. The outstanding debentures, payable in Great Britain, amount to $55,332,735, while those payable in Canada amount to $20,927,235. The current loans, which are secured on real estate, aggregate $161,624,396. This is an increase of $50,000,000 in the past ten years, and an increase of $68,000,000 in twenty years. The total property owned by the companies is valued at $82,480,971, as compared with $29,235,387 in 1898. Total assets are $263,566,072, while the liabilities to the public amount to $185,135,327.

The past few years have been exceptionally profitable ones for shareholders. In 1908 the dividends paid to stockholders amounted to $3,169,378, which compares with $2,290,321 ten years ago. The good times in Canada is also reflected in the statement that considering the large amount of business done, the amount of principal and interest overdue and in default on mortgages in 1908, was only $837,884, whereas in 1898, the defaults aggregated $3,066,794. The defaults were greatest in 1895, and amounted to $4,225,517. The stock of these companies is chiefly held in the province of Ontario. the amount of paid-up stock held by persons in this province being $31,325,463, out of a total of $34,589,013. Out of $22,953,577 deposits in these concerns, the bulk of it, or $22,054,338 is owned by people in this province.

⁂

Borrowings.

The Canadian Bankers' Journal for July has a well considered article from the pen of Mr. H. M. P. Eckardt on the effects of our large borrowings of foreign money. Among other good things he says: "Suppose for the sake of argument that the Government of Canada borrows say $150,000,000 for railway purposes, at a cost of 4 per cent. The annual interest outgo is increased by $6,000,000. What do we

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 31st August, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after 1st of September next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 24th to 31st August, both inclusive.

By order of the board,
J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.
Hamilton, 19th July, 1909.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.

Travellers **Letters of Credit** under which money can be drawn at any point in the world.

TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Capital Paid Up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000

The Northern Crown Bank is fully equipped to undertake every description of Banking transaction: Travellers' and Commercial Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world; Bills of Exchange, Drafts and Orders on all countries bought and sold; Canadian Bankers' Association Money Orders for sale at all branches.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL BRANCHES
Toronto Office - - 34 King St. West

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS

Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques

Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn

PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

Toronto Office 48 Yonge St

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

No delay in withdrawal

Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - - $1,277,404.49

A little difference means a lot of difference in the drug business

A little difference in the quality of drugs means a lot of difference in the results obtained.

You cannot be too particular about the quality and freshness of the drugs you buy.

Some folks think I am a crank on quality—but I don't mind that as long as it secures for my customers the purest and best quality drugs.

Hennessey's The dependable drug store 107 Yonge St. Toronto

Bonds suitable for Trust Funds,
For Deposit with Canadian Government,
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Canadian Securities of all kinds Bought, Sold and Appraised. Correspondence solicited.

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in High Grade Bonds
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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
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Capital Authorized	$10,000,000
Capital Paid-up	5,000,000
Reserve Fund	5,000,000

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued

Available in any part of the world.
Special Attention Given to Collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Interest allowed on deposits at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

G·H·MUMM & CO
EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT
A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by
His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S "BEST"

The new loaf.

The lovely loaf.

The best loaf that the best bakers can produce from the best material in the best bakery plants in Canada to-day.

Here's a great and good point that emphasizes "Bredin's Best." Every loaf is tightly wrapped in air and dust proof rice paper wrapper—no handling by the delivery men.

10 cents.

'Phone College 761, and Parkdale 1585.

HOME DECORATION

Now is the time to think of re-decorating your home for the winter season. Let us give you an estimate. Office Phone, Main 2677. Residence 3 D'Arcy St.—Phone College 435.

JAMES J. O'HEARN & SON
Decorators
249 QUEEN STREET WEST

DR. HALE once told of a minister who preached over an hour on the four greater prophets, and then, when his exhausted congregation thought he was through, took a long breath, turned a fresh page, and, leaning over the pulpit, said:

"We now come to the more complex question of the minor prophets. First let us assign to them their proper order. Where, brethren, shall we place Hosea?"

An irascible old gentleman in a back pew rose, took his hat and stick, and said as he departed:

"You may give him my place, if you want to. I'm going."

get for it? By way of reply let us follow this stream of funds as it takes its fructifying course through the land.

"The first effect of the coming of the proceeds to the Dominion is an increase in the resources of the Canadian banking institutions. To be strictly accurate, expenditures such this exert a considerable effect upon the economic situation long before the actual transfer of capital takes place. As soon as it is definitely established where the new railway is to run and where the divisional points are to be, new settlers flock into the good farming sections along the route, tradesmen and other business men establish themselves in the newly-created towns and villages. Many of these newcomers will be from outside countries. Every one will bring his quota of capital to be used for the upbuilding of the new territory. The capital of one will be in the shape of cash, that of another may consist nearly altogether of brains or intelligence; the endowment of a third may consist merely of the capacity to work hard with his hands. All of them play their part and assist materially to create new wealth and capital."

A Great French Statesman

IT is only with an effort that one can adjust oneself to the thought of France without M. Clemenceau, says Mr. Sydney Brooks, in The World. For the past three years he has dominated his country as Mr. Roosevelt dominated America. His position never seemed more assured than when the Chamber met last Tuesday. There was no "crisis" on hand more formidable than the score or so he had already blithely weathered since he stepped into the Premiership. If anything ever appeared certain in French or any other politics, it was that M. Clemenceau would stay in office till the General Election of 1910. And then in a moment a sudden tempest, an inexplicable failure to meet it with the old wary audacity, half a dozen reckless, jarring, fatal words—and the Place Beauvau Ministry has a new tenant. The needlessness of it all leaves one dazed. One had always felt more or less that M. Clemenceau was a match for everyone but himself, and that if he fell it would be by his own hand.

I think it was Mr. Stead who, trying to translate Clemenceau into terms of English politics, described him as "a compound of John Morley, John Burns, and Sidney Webb." Throw in a little of Mr. Birrell and a grain or two of Mr. Labouchere, and the resultant amalgam, if one's imagination could only hold it, might perhaps pass for a rough condensation of the late Premier's policies and personality. But M. Clemenceau may be explained without reference to anyone but himself. He is sufficiently individual to be able to dispense with comparisons; he is perhaps the most individual Frenchman who has given himself up to public life since the Third Republic came into existence. His career, his opinions, the way he holds them, his temperament, are all unique, or at least conspire to form a unique combination. A Macaulay would revel in the dramatic contrasts he presents. Breton born, he has all his life been the unsparing foe of that church which still finds in Brittany its surest refuge. The same tough fighting mind and stubborn self-will that have kept his neighbors devoted to Catholicism threw him into hostility to it. It is, indeed, because M. Clemenceau has preserved so many of the Breton characteristics that he has made himself so formidable a power.

His father was an unbending Republican in the days when to be a Republican of any kind was to make the acquaintance of the Imperial prisons. The son quickly followed in the father's footsteps. He was thrown into gaol before his twentieth year for shouting "Vive la Republique!" on one of the Imperial anniversaries. After his release he emigrated to America, lived in New York between 1865 and 1869, mastered the English tongue, became a teacher of literature, married an American lady, and returned to Paris to settle down as a physician. His father and his soil had made him an individualist and an atheist. America strengthened his individualism without destroying his atheism. He came back to France with his native hatred of every form of social repression retempered by an almost Anglo-Saxon devotion to the realities, and not merely the rhetoric, of liberty. A man of his capacity and precocious level-headedness could not keep, and could not be kept, out of public life in the tumultuous year of 1870. He was appointed Maire of Montmartre after the Revolution, and became responsible during the siege not only for the conduct of the most turbulent district in the whole demented city, but for the provisioning of 150,000 men. He showed a coolness and far-seeing caution that seemed only to grow with the frenzy around him. The penalty for being sane and energetic in a crisis of disordered fury is that you find few to agree with you and many to distrust you. M. Clemenceau lost the confidence of the Comite Centrale; he withdrew from the National Assembly; but, prophesying its bloody futility, he declined to join the Commune. The prophecy was remembered and when reaction came Clemenceau was elected to the Municipal Council, and in 1876 became a deputy for Paris in the Chamber.

As a public man M. Clemenceau for thirty years instructed all Europe in the art of political wrecking. Until two or three years ago scarcely anyone thought of him except as an undisciplined vandal. He was the Red Indian of French politics, the master of intrigue and ambuscade, the planner of violent forays, the director of vast ministerial slaughterings. It was a mere chance that some, at least, of these slaughterings did not call for a coroner's inquest. Clemenceau has never been backward in supporting his speeches and writings with rapier and pistol; and his duels were sufficiently numerous and businesslike to enhance the terror of his name. Up to 1906 Europe had had little chance to think him anything but a compound of malicious sprite and presuming bully, pursuing in politics a dog-in-the-manger policy, destroying everything, creating nothing. He slew cabinet after cabinet as he chose. He joyed in triumph with a cool and exasperating insolence. "Foes watched him ride by, smart, dapper, quiet, and with the subdued, distinguished air, in the Bois of a morning, and ground their teeth to see him nonchalant, careless, and easy, a couple of hours before he was due at the Chamber to smash them with a biting, horribly acute speech that picked out all the weak points in their fabrics of policy, summoned with a few happy words a general onslaught, and upset the Cabinet like a house of cards." Then he would go off smiling to dinner with a party of stars of the Opera ballet and to the Foyer de la Danse afterwards, there to entertain the ladies with stories of the light side of politics. The two triumphs in conjunction were unendurable.

The Panama affair dragged M. Clemenceau to the ground. Though the accusations levelled at him in the Chamber utterly broke down, his constituents turned against him, and from 1893 to 1902 he was out of public life. Nobody ever thought he would rise again. His enemies held joyous orgies over his political grave. For twenty years he had spared no one, and no one had the wish to spare him. He was damned, it seemed, beyond redemption. And for a while it appeared as though Clemenceau himself accepted his fate. Of the wily, unscrupulous, worldly politician nothing was heard. He gave up politics, green-rooms, and the Bois, and retired to his retreat in a countrified part of Paris. Then began to appear a very different Clemenceau, an exquisite and humane writer, praising the great god Pan, philosophising with unclouded mind on the larger social problems, winning the praise and adoration of *les jeunes* of literary Paris. Never, surely, did a politician climb from such a depth by so strange a path. English Positivism, devout Paganism, sympathetic materialism, the ideals of '89 wrapped up in common sense and a peculiar aristocratic aloofness, a genuinely poetic feeling for art and nature, and a deep compassion for the dispossessed, combine with a style that has the eighteenth-century crispness and lucidity to make his dozen volumes a stimulus and a delight.

From philosophy and sociology and letters Clemenceau passed back again to journalism. His old paper, La Justice, had been overwhelmed in the crash; a new one, L'Aurore, rose to proclaim the innocence of Dreyfus. M. Clemenceau became the sentient conscience of France in print. With amazing vivacity and perspicuity, and with a consummate employment of all the weapons of irony, wit, and a golden style, he analyzed day by day the shifting elements of "the affair." Even now the volumes in which he gathered up his articles on the Dreyfus case, by their limpid, unadorned French, their air of spaciousness, their passionate pity, hold and thrill the reader. They remain, I suppose, the most brilliant masterpiece of polemics that French literature has produced since Pascal's Provincial Letters. At the time of their appearance their effect was prodigious. No publicist did more, very few did as much, to guide French opinion through the mazes of that exhausting crisis. He had his reward. In 1902 he was elected to the Senate by the very constituency that nine years earlier had hounded him out of politics. In May, 1906, he became Minister of the Interior. In November of the same year he rose to the Premiership. Since then up to last Tuesday he has been not only Prime Minister, but little less than dictator.

His supreme achievement as Premier is to have stiffened the national backbone of France. He has stood up to the Socialists as no man ever stood up to them. He has stopped the dry-rot that was eating into the spirit of the Services. He has preserved internal order with the vigor of a man who understands both his countrymen and himself. That he has written next to nothing on the statute-book does not matter in the least. He has fascinated France, and he has ruled her. Compact of common sense, pushing nothing, not even a principle, to extremes, a clear-sighted Radical with an almost English contempt for logic and a wholesome respect for opportunism, a Jacobin who has learned the necessity of compromise and accommodation, intolerant in nothing, not even in his anti-clericalism, always acknowledging the expediences with a bow of airy cynicism, always sure of himself and knowing precisely how far he was prepared to go, always brilliant, vivid, memorable in debate—M. Clemenceau has proved the strongest as well as the longest-lived Minister of the Third Republic, and the one that most accurately responded to the secret instinct of his countrymen for balance and resolution in their leaders.

Above all, he has been unfailingly picturesque. He has, what Lord Rosebery used to have, the knack of being always interesting. He touches life at many points in a way that is all his own. Buoyant, masterful, a scorner of conventions, reserved in spite of his explosiveness, solitary in spite of his following, jauntily contemptuous of all opponents, impatient of stupidity, disdainful of the average man, especially if he happens to be a member of the Chamber, a difficult Minister to work with or under, a leader of terribly incisive speech, overriding character, and volcanic temper, aloof, sarcastic, uningratiating—Clemenceau, whatever else he may have been, has never been dull. Something has radiated from him that gave France strength and confidence, something that neither his successor nor any other living Frenchman has the power to dispense.

A VIENNA doctor has discovered that one of the most frequent causes of headaches is the tight and high collar. He has been experimenting with various patients and he finds that these who suffer from headaches very often are almost always those who are in the habit of wearing high collars.

His attention was drawn one day to the high neckband of a woman patient who was subject to violent pains in the head and dizziness. He persuaded her to lay aside this form of neckwear with the result that the compression of the neck ceased and she was cured.

Struck by this result, the doctor has paid particular attention to the collars worn by his headache patients and in almost all cases the change to lower and easier neckbands gave a beneficial result. The doctor declares that nobody with any tendency to headache should wear a high collar.

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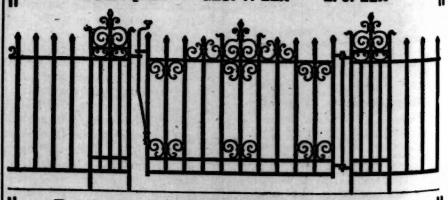

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LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

London, August 12, 1909.

WE had hardly recovered from having the great naval pageant in the Thames, with all that it stood for, than the airship arrived. Five years ago, to speak very moderately, the idea of seeing an airship that flew the Channel at the rate of a mile a minute, would have seemed too absurd for words. It would have appeared to belong to the same group as the sea-serpent or a similar offspring of an excited imagination. Now, in this year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and nine the books of Mr. H. G. Wells concerning wars in the air, etc., may be regarded as topical literature and not wild flights of fancy. In fact, Mr. Wells himself says that the triumph of the airship is five years sooner than he had expected. The jokes about the hansom-airship, or aeroplane, taking passengers from London to Paris for a supper or a play, and the Cook's trips by aeroplane, are by no means as far-fetched as they sounded even a year ago.

In addition, could anything have been more twentieth-centuryish than that the famous airship should have been placed on exhibition in a big departmental store the very day after it crossed the Channel, with its brave inventor, M. Bleriot! The enterprising Selfridge, whose huge American store interests the general public and helps the tourist to find the Wallace collection, promptly secured the airship as an attraction, and in this way hundreds of thousands of people were able to see the great curiosity of the moment. Free of charge, too. The news spread like wildfire, and a line four abreast, extending across the store to the stairs, progresses at the rate of about two feet every five minutes. Wedged in, hot and uncomfortable though they were, few dropped out of place. The chance was too good to be lost. When one got to the foot of the stairs, there was another vast crowd

MME. BLERIOT

M. BLERIOT

managed by policemen who vainly tried to get the people who were near the airship in its enclosed space, to move a little faster and give the others a chance. The interested ones seemed glued to the spot as they stared round-eyed at the wonderful thing. It is like nothing in the world but a huge dragon-fly. It gives one an uncanny feeling of its being alive, and able to act of its own volition. There are two wings and a centre seat, two wheels under the body, and behind the seat is the air-tank which keeps the thing afloat for a short time if it falls into water. It is now on exhibition at the Imperial International Exhibition.

M. Bleriot flew so fast that if he had got into difficulties he would have been drowned long before the destroyer which was following with Madame Bleriot on board, could have reached him. With all the honest, hearty admiration for the Frenchman's achievement, people feel very sorry for Latham, who had expected to be the first to fly the Channel.

* * *

Did ever lady receive such a farewell as was given "The Merry Widow," that alluring, fascinating young person, when she said good-bye to Daly's the other night after a run of nearly eight hundred performances?

People began to collect at five o'clock in the morning to be ready to get the unreserved seats for the matinee. An immense crowd gathered for both performances, and many were, of course, unable to get into the theatre at all. All the reserved seats were sold long ago, and high prices were offered for places at the last moment. While the people waited in the street the management sent out tea and cake to cheer them up, but most of them were cheerful and excited in spite of the long tiresome wait. When at last the doors were opened, there was a mad rush for the best places in the pit and the gallery, and then the patient ones settled down to enjoy the decorations before the curtain was raised. The whole theatre was beautifully decorated with flowers and potted plants, which were afterwards taken by the audience as souvenirs. It began with a few single blossoms being placed in a button-hole, but at the end people were calmly taking plants to remember Lily Elsie and Joseph Coyne by. However, nobody seemed to mind anything in the enthusiasm over the favorite actors and the popular piece, which is being withdrawn while still acceptable. Every song was encored again and again, and the waltz was repeated till the dancers nearly collapsed. Then all the performers appeared to say good-bye and be greeted with cheers and shouts from all over the house until some of them nearly broke down at such evidences of friendship and interest. And yet there are people who still believe that the English are a reserved, phlegmatic nation! It is time all the old traditions about the English character, English manners and about England were called in, and a fresh lot issued. Many of those in circulation across the Atlantic may have been correct fifty years ago, but there have been decided changes.

* * *

August Bank Holiday has come and gone, and everyone with any pretensions has left town. It is no joke nor affectation to say that town does seem empty after the season ends. Although there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of the humbler people as well as many tourists left, it is not the same London. The color and the life and the brilliance; the throb of the heart pulsing with vigorous life; all have gone with the last days of July. The parks are empty; the chairs are stacked up or taken away; streets of houses in the more fashionable quarters are shuttered and barred; there are few private carriages in the shopping districts. It is a strange London. You go to your club, but the few rooms not in the hands of the decorators and charwomen are occupied by the country or foreign members and you move away, while the porters and waiters wonder what anyone is doing there at such a time of the year.

August is the holiday month of the year. One day last week one hundred thousand people left London for the sea or the mountains, and each train bears away families bent on enjoyment.

The first Monday in August is Bank Holiday, and the greatest holiday of the year. If it is fine millions have a happy day, but if it rains it means that the hopes of these multitudes are blighted. Everyone must do something on Bank holiday. If you are well off, you go for a trip of some kind; if you are very poor, at least you can scrape up the 'bus fare to come to the West-End and sit in the park with the "b'iby," or go to Hampstead Heath which is the paradise of lower class lovers. Bank holiday is a day when the study of love-making among the lower classes can be carried on to great advantage. Novices have been known to feel a little shy of contemplating 'Arry with his arm around the waist of his "donah" and her be-hatted head on his shoulder, in the middle of an August afternoon, but such feeble-minded persons have no business to go to the places where men and maids congregate. Personally, I supposed myself rather hardened to such sights, but I was much disconcerted at Salisbury when I passed a bench, unshaded by tree and unconcealed by wall, upon which sat a soldier holding the hands of a girl and kissing her in an unemotional, tranquil manner. We almost fell over their feet in passing, but apparently they saw us not.

* * *

The great review of the fleet at Cowes by the King, accompanied by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, with the Czar and Czarina as the guests of the nation, was a splendid sight. The one cloud was the amazing care which was necessary to be exercised while the Russian guests were at Cowes. When one thinks of our own Royal family coming and going without fear wherever they choose, the contrast with the tragic haunted Russian family is great. The troubles of the King of Spain and the poor young girl who a few years ago was "Princess Ena," also cause one to moralize on the uneasiness of the head that wears a crown, particularly in countries where Socialists are powerful.

M. E. MacL. M.

A Worker and Proud of It.

LIEUT. Shackleton, the Arctic explorer, was speaking at the Browning Settlement recently. He said he claimed to belong to the brotherhood of working men, because since he was fifteen years and three-quarters old he had worked for his living—at a shilling a month to begin with. He was a little over sixteen when he was shovelling coals at that price off the coast of South America; and he had not forgotten it. He had had much hard work to do since; and those years spent in toil had brought him face to face with what it really was to be a working man, and had given him for ever, and wherever he went, the greatest respect and the greatest sympathy with those who were the bed-rock of our Empire to-day.

There were two lessons they had learned during their expedition. They did look to a Higher Power when they were in the loneliness and danger of the Antarctic regions, and in times when no mortal leader seemed likely to carry the expedition through. He was the leader, and every leader, they knew, "fancied himself" a bit. But there were times when they spoke of "Old Provie"—not disrespectfully, but they had not much time—and Providence carried them through, and enabled them to stand there and reiterate what was their belief when they were far away.

Splenetic Humor.

LORD BROUGHTON, whose "Recollections" have just been published, seems to have been a gentleman of splendid temper. It is related that upon one occasion he dined with Thackeray, and after dinner some particularly fine wine was produced. This was hospitably pressed upon his guests by the novelist, who turned to Lord Broughton, patted him on the back, and remarked: 'Now, my dear old boy, you must try some of this." A frigid atmosphere pervaded the room as the irate nobleman rejoined, "I am not your dear boy, I am not old, and damn your wine."

Count D'Orsay, of the same period, is credited with a similar explosiveness. Sir Algernon West says that the Count "once called on the publishers, Messrs. Saunders & Otley, on Lady Blessington's behalf, and used very strong language. A beautiful gentleman in a white neckcloth said he would rather sacrifice Lady Blessington's patronage than stand such personal abuse. 'I am not personal,' said D'Orsay. 'If you are Saunders, then damn Otley; if you are Otley, then damn Saunders.'"

When Sunday's Wet.

HERE I've been a' shovelin' coal
Till the dust is in my soul,
From Monday until Saturday at night;
While the wife's half dead from heat,
And the kids been on the street
So their faces and their language is a sight;
An' now here's Sunday on the blink with rain—
Say, it gives me a pain!

We'd have picnicked sure enuff
Somewhere down on Scarborough Bluff,
With our faces lookin' out across the Lake;
My old girl 'ud had a rest
And the kids be all undrest
And a' paddlin' round until their hides 'ud bake;
While I'd a' smoked, an' snoozed, an' smoked some more—
Lord, this makes me sore!

I suppose the hayseeds grin
'Bout the wealth that's flowin' in
With every drop of rain as tumbles down.
What's their bloomin' crops to us
Cooped up here in dust an' fuss,
With scarce enuff of room to turn aroun',
The Missus stormin', kids all on the whine—
Guess I'm gettin' mine!

Still the preachers throw the con,
Tell how Gawd is lookin' on
An' a' watchin' out for every poor darn soul;
I don't claim to understand,
But I can't see no glad hand
That He's pokin' out to them as shovels coal.
This rain on Monday would a' done as well—
Don't it beat hell!

Pod.

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$15.25	Boston	$13.00
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE annual depressing rumors over the failure of the fruit crop have been widely circulated, but strange to relate, there have been no ominous forebodings in regard to cupid's crop. "Old Sol" may fire up and get after the orchards, but for finiesse of stokeing "My Lady Moon" can generate the most universal glow with the least possible display of illumination. Cupid, for all his abbreviated attire, has never freckled or tanned, which goes to show that sun baths are not his specialty; he prefers to bathe in the elusive radiance of the lesser light, and the luxuriant growth which fringes the highroad is too thickly coated with dust from passing traffic to figure in his garnering. Agricultural products and the rose-bud from the town garden, if of a verdant tint, fill his sturdy frame with delight, and are deftly "ringed" into "shocks" for harvesting. All other methods of cultivation have advanced with the times, and the latest modern improvements are eagerly sought after; not so with the little chap, he began in a primitive way and has kept ever on the same course, the elements which constitute his thermometer of conditions, are impervious to the season's changes, and his little fountain of ever-flowing quicksilver which sparkles in the soft light of the moon, has been joyously quaffed by thirsty ones with magic results. Gilded with quicksilver are his arrows, oft times devious their flight, but they penetrate ultimately, even though with one accord the public verdict may not agree as to the worth of the exertion. His quiver is easily replenished, and as his make of arrows has never been patented, there are no royalties to pay, although there is frequently "the deuce to pay." While harvesting has started in a desultory sort of way, by the last of August and throughout September, much of his season's crop will be gathered in and the various threshing bees with attendant festivities, will keep the air filled with the dust of confetti, and the sieves of the daily press overflowing with kernels of description.

Dr. Bruce L. Riordan, Dr. Allan Baines, Dr. Milton Cotton, Dr. McDonah, Dr. Bruce Smith and Dr. Murray, who have had a cottage on the French River for an outing and fishing trip, returned to town the first of the week, tanned to a brown nicety or burned red. They all report a glorious time, with splendid black bass fishing, and feel competent to give some pointers on the proper way to conduct a stag menage, or "swap yarns" about the song of the mosquito, the size of the catch, and other incidental happenings of the trip.

THE LADY CAREW

Mr. James Scott's handsome new cottage has just been completed at Murray Bay, where many well known town people are spending the summer. There are at least 500 more people occupying cottages at Murray Bay than during any previous season, and Cap L'Aigle is also well filled with a charming and informal colony. The R.C.G.A. band from Quebec has been camping on the grounds of Lieut.-Col. B. A. Scott, of Quebec at his invitation, and were also the guests of Hon. Rodolphe Forget. Two concerts were given on the grounds of the Manor Richelieu, which were beautifully decorated with electric lights festooned between pillars and trees. There was dancing and some beautiful costumes were seen. Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKay and Mrs. Du Vernet are guests at the Manoir Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Kent, of St. George street, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Berkinshaw, at their cottage, "Amerada," Isle Dunelz, Huntsville.

Mr. W. R. Strickland is visiting his daughter, Mrs. E. R. Tait, at "Bendims," Lakefield.

Mr. and Mrs. Tower Ferguson, with family, are occupying a cottage near Beaumaris.

Mr. John R. Scott is a guest of his son, Mr. Cliff Scott, at his summer home on Cameron Lake, Fenelon Falls.

Miss Alice Kirk, of Bellwoods avenue, has left to spend a few weeks with relatives in Montreal and Ottawa.

The engagement of Miss Nettie Morris, Crescent road, and Dr. Allan Adams, has been announced.

Miss Olive Perry returned from the West last week and is visiting her sister Mrs. Frederick C. Brooke in Oakville.

Mr. and Mrs. G. de Wanenne Green, of Grenville Street, have returned home after an enjoyable holiday of some weeks in Muskoka.

Miss L. Beatrice Thompson of Dawson City, who has been visiting her home in Indian Road for some weeks, returns to the far north next week.

Mrs. Alex. Taylor of Ottawa, is visiting in Montreal en route to Old Orchard Beach.

Dr. and Mrs. G. P. Sylvester announce the engagement of their second daughter Delphine, to Mr. Edgeworth Ussher Reid of Shanghai, China, youngest son of the late Dr. Harry Reid of Bowmanville. The wedding will take place in St. Paul's Church, Tuesday, September the 14th, at 3.30 p.m.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Lownsbrough (Rita) Blight, youngest daughter of the late Walter H. Blight, to Mr. James B. Trou of Montreal, eldest son of Mr. Albert E. Trou, of Toronto. The wedding will take place very quietly in the early part of September.

Mr. G. T. Pepall, wife and child, and Mr. J. E. Robertson of Toronto, are at the Royal Muskoka.

Mr. Paul Hahn is staying at the Kawartha Hotel, as also are Miss Rita Scott, Mr. James G. Burns, Mrs. M. Parkinson and daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. McKee and family, of Walmer road, are occupying "Rest Cottage," Orchard Beach.

Miss Edna Meredith has left Centre Island and gone to the sea shore for the rest of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Winchester and their baby, Ross, are visiting at Judge Winchester's pretty "Peninsula" Lake cottage, Huntsville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sutherland, of Cobourg, were in town over Sunday, with Mrs. Harry E. Brasier, Dovercourt road.

Mr. Robert G. Myles is staying at the Columbian, Cobourg.

At Delphi Inn, Georgian Bay, two very successful dances have been given during the last week, a number of Toronto people were present. During the evenings bridge is the popular game, and a novel excursion was a recent feature, when a trip to the Ice Caves was made and snow balling indulged in. Some recent arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hartman, Miss Dorothy Hartman, Miss Evans, Mr. Harold Hartman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kent, Miss Tobin, the Misses Orr, Mr. J. A. Currie, Mr. Geo. F. Keys, and Miss A. Lunn.

Mr. J. A. Weir Johnston, secretary of the Industrial Committee of the Londonderry, Ireland, Chamber of Commerce, was a visitor in town this week.

The Woodbine bowling green, whereon the Dominion Lawn Bowling Tournament was played this week, has been the rendezvous for the enthusiasts, and some nice bowling has been seen. On Tuesday morning a drizzling rain prevailed and the greens were heavy, but nothing daunted, the players got to work, and the first round of players for the Walker trophy were finished, and also the first and second rounds commenced for the Ontario cup. Mackintoshes, rubbers and sweaters comprised the popular apparel, and there was a total absence of the familiar duck or flannel trousers and outing shirts, but the weather cleared off later in the day and a chilly breeze from the eastward succeeded. The gusts of wind turned and twisted the bowls, sweeping some into the ditch, but the play went on amid "whoops" and "hurrahs."

Dr. Goldwin Smith celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on August 13. "The Sage of the Grange" was the recipient of many good wishes from friends and literary admirers throughout the country. Within his ivy-mantled home, set back among the trees, far from the strident noise of the street, his finger is yet pressed on the pulse of modern affairs, and from the vast perspective of years and experience, he is ever with a keen touch probing modern conditions of cause and effect. We may not always agree with his deductions, but for the aged savant our admiration and respect are always freely given.

Miss Margaret J. Fraser, of McPherson avenue, is visiting her sister at Fraser Glen, Peninsula Lake.

Mrs. Reynolds and family are staying with friends in Lakefield.

Mr. D. Goldsmith, Miss Jessie Hodgins, Miss Edna Straine, Miss Annie Bentley, Mr. W. F. Spicer, Mrs. Connor, Mr. Roy Boles, Miss Florence Hefferman, Miss Margaret Tait, Mrs. J. M. Kilgour and daughter, Marion, are town people enjoying the attractions of the Quinte district.

The opening luncheon given by the Lake Shore Country Club was a marked success, nothwithstanding the unfavorable weather in the morning. About fifty guests and members enjoyed the elegant menu prepared by the French chef, and after two or three speeches, adjourned to ramble through the spacious grounds and see the many improvements made since the Club acquired their property. Among the guests invited were: His Honor, the Lieut.-Governor; Sir James P. Whitney, Sir William Mulock, Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, W. F. Maclean, M.P.; Mayor Oliver, A. Claude Macdonnell, M.P.; Richard Blain, M.P.; Sir Henry Pellatt, Geo. A. Gooderham, M.P.P.; S. Charters, M.P.P.; Hon. Adam Beck, Mayor of Brampton, Frederic Nicholls, J. J. Jackson, Reeve of Toronto Township; Dr. Orr, J. C. Eaton, H. McGee, E. B. Ryckmen, K.C.; Col. Ryerson, Col. James Mason, Jas. Bicknell, P. H. Crerar, K.C., Hamilton; Cawthra Mulock, D. R. Wilkie, Col. G. T. Denison, Hon. John Hendrie, S. D. Biggar, K.C.; E. B. Osler, M.P.; Col. J. I. Davidson, Mons. Rochereau de las Sabliere; Norman Perry, Dr. O'Reilly, W. R. McNaught, M.P.P.; R. L. Coady, C. F. Paul, B. Kent, F. Roper, S. W. Black, Alfred Jephcott, S. T. Sheppard, J. W. Stockwell, J. H. Eddis, A. E. Stovel, F. I. Fox, F. Kelk, A. R. Clark, and many others. The chair was occupied by the president, F. W. Travers, and the vice chair by F. McPhillips, vice-president.

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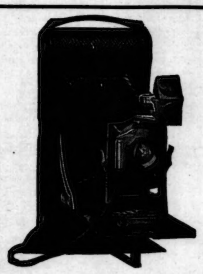
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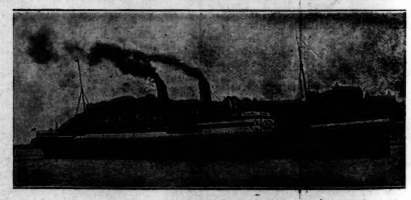
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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE is a unique figure in United States journalism. He is a provincial editor who is unprovincial. He edits a daily paper in the small city of Emporia in Kansas, but he looks at his fellow citizens with the larger vision of a man of the world, and when he goes to Paris and says his say about the gay metropolis, The New York Sun thinks it worth while to devote over a column of the most brilliant editorial page in the country to a josh article on Mr. White's observations. The cosmopolitan Emerson has also written many articles on important topics for bigger papers than his own, and some excellent stories, in all of which he has brought to bear an extraordinary native shrewdness, together with pleasant urbanity and breadth of outlook—a somewhat rare combination. In consequence, William Allen White's fame, not only as a writer but as a "character," has reached to Canada, and not a few readers here will be interested to know that his first novel has just been published by the Macmillan Company of Canada.

The book is entitled "A Certain Rich Man," and it may be said at the outset that it is a novel distinctly worth while, for, while it is unnecessarily long and open to criticism in many ways, it is sincere, morally sound, and withal very interesting. In one respect it is not what one would have expected from Mr. White. The epigrams and numerous shrewd observations on men and things that the reader naturally looks for are missing, and it is quite evident that the writer has exercised a great deal of restraint in this particular in essaying a novel of serious purpose. The philosopher of the story is old Watts McHurdie, a harness-maker and habitual versifier, who has won fame by writing in his one inspired hour, a song that is on the lips of the whole nation. But McHurdie's philosophy, while sound, is quite commonplace. His shop is the forum and gossiping-place of the citizens of Sycamore Ridge in Garrison county, Kansas, who are the chief actors in the drama unfolded by Mr. White, the scenes of which are spread across the years between the American Civil War and the present. The outstanding figure is the rich man of the tale, John Barclay, who as a boy had music in his soul and love for a neighbor's little daughter in his heart. But from the first his chief characteristic was acquisitiveness, and the death of his boyhood's sweetheart while he was a self-supporting lad at a law school helped to strengthen this characteristic. Soon the jingle of gold was the only music he cared about. At thirty he was a man, hard, prospering swindler. At forty he was a national figure in finance, head of a big crooked trust. Here is his picture, the description being that of a portrait of Barclay by a Russian artist:

> It shows a small gray-clad man, with a pearl pin in a black tie, sitting rather on the edge of his chair, leaning forward, so that the head is turown into the light. The eyes are well opened, and the jaw comes out, a hard, mean jaw; but the work of the artist, the real work that reveals the soul of the sitter is shown in three features, if we except the pugnacious shoulders. In the face are two of these features: the mouth, a hard, coarse, furtive mouth,—the mouth of the liar who is not polished,—the peasant liar who has been caught and has brazened it out; the mouth and forehead, full almost to bulging, so clean and white and naked that it seems shameful to expose it, a poet's forehead, noble and full of dreams, broad over the eyes, and as delicately modelled at the temples as a woman's where the curly brown hair is brushed away from it. But the wonderful feature about the portrait is the right hand. The artist obviously asked Barclay to assume a natural attitude, and then seeing him lean forward with his hand stretched out in some gesture of impatience, persuaded him to take that pose. It is the sort of vital human thing that would please Barclay—no sham about it; but he did not realize what the Russian was putting into that hand—a long, hard, hairy, hollow, grasping, relentless hand, full in the foreground and squarely in the light—a horrible thing with artistic fingers, and a thin, greedy palm indicated by the deep hump in the back. It reaches out from the picture, with the light on the flesh tints, with the animal hair thick upon it, and with the curved, slender, tapering fingers cramped like a claw; and when one follows up the arm to the crouching body, the furtive mouth, the bold, shrewd eyes, and then sees that forehead full of visions, one sees in it more than John Barclay of Sycamore Ridge, more than America, more than Europe. It is the menace of civilization—the danger to the race from the domination of sheer intellect without moral restraint.

John Barclay succeeded in wrecking the lives of most of the people closely connected with him, and finally realized that his own life was a mockery. Then the author makes the mistake of leading him into the straight and narrow path. Barclay gives away all his money, makes restitution, dies saving a worthless life, and the story ends like a well-ordered melodrama. It would seem that Mr. White had in mind a notorious American financier when he characterized John Barclay and set down his career. The indictment of "high finance" would have been stronger if he had let Barclay die as he lived, but as it stands, it is a powerful one. General Ward, patriot and philanthropist, and Watts McHurdie are also drawn largely from life. Some American political situations of the past are also well outlined. But it is essentially a modern novel, as the extracted picture of Barclay will show. It is well written, but it is quite plainly the work of a journalist engaged on his first novel, who is always rather conscious of the fact and at times rather oppressed by it.

* * *

IN a recent issue of The Quarterly Review the Hon. Maurice Baring compares the genius of Russia's three great novelists, Tolstoy, Turgeniev, and Dostoievsky. His analysis of the attitude and achievements of each of these men is interesting to any reader who is anything of a casuist, even if he is not particularly

MARCELLE TINAYRE
Said to be "without dispute the greatest woman writer France has yet produced."

interested in Russian literature. Mr. Baring is of the opinion that Dostoievsky and Tolstoy stand far above Turgeniev. Thirty years ago, he contends, critics said that Tolstoy and Turgeniev were the giants of modern Russian literature, but not now.

Mr. Baring then points out the two dominating characters in Russian fiction:

"The Russian character can, roughly speaking, be divided," he says, "into two types, and these two types dominate the whole of Russian literature.

"The first is that which I shall call, for want of a better name, Lucifer, the fallen angel. The second type is that of the hero of all Russian folk-tales, Ivan Durak, Ivan the Fool, or the Little Fool. There are innumerable folk-tales in Russian which tell the adventures of Ivan the Fool, who, by his very simplicity and foolishness, outwits the wisdom of the world. This type is profoundly characteristic of one Russian ideal. The simple fool is venerated in Russia as something holy. It is acknowledged that his childish innocence is more precious than the wisdom of the wise.

"Ivan Durak may be said to be the hero of all Dostoievsky's novels. He is the aim and ideal of Dostoievsky's life, an aim and ideal which he fully achieves. He is also the aim and ideal of Tolstoy's teaching, but an aim and ideal which Tolstoy recommends to others and only partly achieves himself.

"Now, while Dostoievsky is the incarnation of the second type, of Ivan the Fool, Tolstoy is the incarnation of the first. It is true that, at a certain stage of his career, Tolstoy announced to the whole world that the ideal of Ivan Durak was the only ideal worth following. He perceives this aim with luminous clearness, and, in preaching it, he has made a multitude of disciples; the only thing he has never been able to do is to make the supreme submission, the final surrender, and to become the type himself

"In 'Anna Karenina' and in 'War and Peace' we feel that Tolstoy is afraid of the dark; that to him in the whole of human life there is something essentially wrong—a radical mistake. He is conscious that, with all his genius, he has only been able to record the fact that all that he has found in life is not what he is looking for, but something irrelevant and unessential; and, at the same time, that he has not been able to determine the thing in life which is not a mistake, nor where the true aim, the essential thing, is to be found, nor in what it consists. It is at this moment that the crisis occurred in Tolstoy's life which divides it outwardly into two sections, although it constitutes no break in his inward evolution. The fear of the dark, of the abyss yawning in front of him, is so strong that he felt it must rid himself of it at all costs.

"Then came the change which he describes thus in his 'Confession':

"'I grew to hate myself; and now all has become clear to me.' This was the preliminary step of the development which led him to believe that he had at last found the final and everlasting truth. 'A man has only got not to desire lands or money in order to enter into the kingdom of God.' Property, he came to believe, was the source of all evil. 'It is not a law of Nature, the will of God, or an historical necessity; rather a superstition, neither strong nor terrible, but weak and contemptible.' To free oneself from this superstition he thought was as easy as to stamp on a spider. He desired literally to carry out the teaching of the Gospels, to give up all he had, and to become a beggar. This ideal he was not able to carry out in practice.

"His affairs were, and still are, managed for him; and he continued to live as he had done before. No sane person would think of blaming Tolstoy for this. He was not by nature a St. Francis; he was not by nature a Russian martyr; but the reverse. What one does resent is not that his practice is inconsistent with his teaching, but that his teaching is inconsistent with the ideal which it professes to embody. He takes the Christian teaching, and tells the world that it is the only hope of salvation—the only key to the riddle of life. At the same time, he neglects the first truth on which that teaching is based—namely, that man must be born again; he must humble himself and become as a little child. It is just this final and absolute surrender that Tolstoy has been unable to make. Instead of loving God through himself, and loving himself for the God in him, he hates himself, and refuses to recognize the gifts that God has given him.

"It is for this reason that he talks of all his great work, with the exception of a few stories written for children, as being worthless. It is for this reason that he ceased writing novels and attempted to plough the fields. And the cause of all this is simply spiritual pride, because he was unwilling to do his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him.' Providence had made him a novelist and a writer, and not a tiller of the fields; Providence had made him not only a novelist, but perhaps the greatest novelist that has ever lived; yet he deliberately turns upon this gift and spurns it and spits upon it, saying that it is worth nothing.

"The Titan is consumed with desire to become Ivan Durak; he preaches to the whole world that they should do so, but he cannot do it himself.

"Yet, whatever the mistakes of Tolstoy's teaching may be, they do not detract from the moral authority of the man. All his life he has searched for the truth, and all his life he has said exactly what he thought, and, though he has fearlessly attacked all constituted authorities, nobody has dared to touch him. He is too great. This is the first instance of such a thing happening in Russia.

"Turgeniev was a great poet. What time has not taken away from him, and what time can never take away, is the beauty of his language and the poetry which is in his work. Every Russian schoolboy has read the works of Turgeniev before he has left school, and every Russian schoolboy will probably continue to do so, because Turgeniev's prose remains a classic model of simple, beautiful, and harmonious language, and as such it can never be excelled.

"The difference between the work of Tolstoy and Turgeniev is this—that Turgeniev's characters are as living as any characters ever are in books, but they belong to bookland, and are thus conventional; whereas Tolstoy's characters belong to life. The fault which Russian critics find with Turgeniev's characters is that they are exaggerated, that there is an element of caricature in them, and that they are permeated by the faults of the author's own character—namely, his weakness and, above all, his self-consciousness.

"Turgeniev is full to the brim of the power of admiration and appreciation which Tolstoy lacks; but then he also lacks Tolstoy's strength and power.

"Dostoievsky has a power different from Tolstoy's, but equal in scale, and titanic. He has a power of admiration, an appreciation wider and deeper than Turgeniev's, and the simplicity and humility of a man who has descended into hell, who has been face to face with the deepest sufferings, the sorest agonies of humanity, and the vilest aspects of human nature; who, far from losing his faith in the divine, has detected it in every human being, however vile, and in every circumstance, however hideous; and who, in dust and ashes, has felt himself face to face with God.

"Yet, in spite of all this, Dostoievsky is far from being the complete expression of the Russian genius or a complete man. His limitations are as great as Tolstoy's, and no one was more conscious of them than himself. They do not, however, concern us here. What does concern us is the fact that in modern Russian literature, in the literature of this century, leaving the poets out of the question, the two great figures, the two great columns which support the temple of Russian literature, are Tolstoy and Dostoievsky."

* * *

There is no wittier and at the same time more courageous figure in nineteenth century English letters than Thomas Hood, the comic poet. Afflicted with ill health throughout his life, he never lost his magnificent optimism. The following letter to Thackeray, quoted by Walter Jerrold in his "Thomas Hood: His Life and Times," just published by the John Lane Company, is an excellent example of Hood's way of looking at life:

> My Dear Mr. Thackeray: I am grieved to hear of your ill health, and sincerely trust that before many days intervene you will have thoroughly recovered. I fear that so far as I myself am concerned King Death will claim me ere many months elapse. However, there's a good time coming, if not in this world, most assuredly in the next.
>
> Always yours,
> THOMAS HOOD.

Hood's humor was no less striking than his superb courage, and Mr. Jerrold has had a congenial task in gathering material for the only complete biography of the poet which has appeared since Hood's death, sixty years ago.

* * *

At a London dinner years ago and now described in a book of recollections, Edward King, the author, was most enthusiastic in his praise of Wagner, not only as a musician but as a poet. "I have no doubt," he said, at length, "that in coming time Wagner will be ranked above Beethoven and Schiller?" "I quite agree with you," responded L. Alma Tadema, the famous painter, "for certainly Wagner was a greater musician than Schiller and a greater poet than Beethoven."

"The Fun of the Fair," the book which Mr. Eden Phillpotts has just brought out, is a collection of short stories, all of them concerned with the Dartmoor country. His latest novel, "The Haven," is a story about a family in a Devon fishing village.

It is a long time since we have heard from the author of "How To Be Happy Though Married." That observant army chaplain, the Rev. E. J. Hardy, has recently been on service in the Far East, and there it appears that he was struck by the greater importance attached to manners than is attached to them in the West. As a consequence, he has written a volume on "How To Be Happy Though Civil."

* * *

At the age of fifteen Jacques Futrelle, the author, held the typewriting championship of the United States—that is to say, he could write more words to the minute than any other person in the country. Curiously enough, Mr. Futrelle has entirely discarded the typewriter in the composition of his stories. All of "Elusive Isabel" was written out in long hand, corrected, worked over, and written out in long hand a second time.

* * *

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, has published "The Advertisements of The Spectator," best described by its sub-title, which reads "Being a Study of the Literature, History and Manners of Queen Anne's England as they are Reflected therein, as well as an Illustration of the Origins of the Art of Advertising, with Appendix of Representative Advertisements now for the First Time Reprinted, and an Introductory Note, by George Lyman Kittredge." The foreword is a quotation from Addison himself, who says that advertisements are of great use to the vulgar, inasmuch as they are "Instruments of Ambition." A man who is unworthy of other mention "may easily creep into the Advertisements, by which Means we often see an Apothecary in the same Paper of News with a Plenipotentiary, or a Running-Footman with an Ambassador." The price of this curious volume is $2.

* * *

Mr. Hall Caine's new story, "The White Prophet," that has been running serially and that is about to appear in volume form, has been responsible for quite a fuss in England, where the Foreign Office and the newspapers have become excited about the author's attitude toward Anglo-Egyptian affairs, the policy of imperialism, and so on. This has reached such a pass that Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the actor-manager, has judged it inadvisable to produce the play founded on the book at this time. He praises the dramatic and emotional qualities of the story in the highest terms, but thinks that in view of the discussion and hostility that the part of the book which has already appeared has aroused at Whitehall and in the bureaus of the English colonies and dependencies in various parts of the world, that it is better to postpone, for a time at least, its presentation as a drama.

Houston—The French may now buy our stocks on their Bourse. Mulberry—They would find it far safer to marry them, as usual.—Puck.

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Misses' Ribbed Black Cashmere Hose, full fashioned, double sole, heel and toe. Regular 40c. Hosiery Sale price, pair, 25c.

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Men's Finest Lisle Thread Sox, all the newest season's goods, styles and colors. Regular 50c. Hosiery Sale price, pair, 25c.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

WE may read of the marvelous flights of foreign air ships, scan the daily reports of what is doing in that line at Petawawa, but for local enthusiasm the mysterious model out on the Mimico shore, has whetted curiosity to a fever point. People who have not traveled that road for many a day, feel a sudden inclination to refresh their memory. family jaunts turned by one accord in that direction to get a squint, week day delivery horses were harnessed of a Sunday or after hours and trotted out, while the passengers on the suburban cars who did not get off but tried to see, were in danger of dislocating their necks in frantic endeavors to locate something. Of an evening a drifting cloud is sufficient to agitate the neighborhood, while from Sunnyside out an air of conscious importance may be noted. We may not all want wings and possibly some of us could not be induced to try a flop even though they were offered at a bargain, but the inclination to peek and pry is strong within many and besides the local atmosphere still surrounds us even though we vigorously deny the impeachment of provincialism. We are still far from being so engrossed in our own affairs that those of our neighbors do not attract instant attention and give us food for gossip.

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Holmes, Woodstock, on Wednesday, August 4th, when their daughter, Lyle Orr, was united in marriage to Mr. Arthur B. Lee of that city. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. MacMullen, in the presence of only the immediate friends. Mr. and Mrs. Lee left on the noon train for a trip through Western Canada, the bride's going-away suit being of tan rajah with hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Whitwam, London, Ont., announce the engagement of their niece and adopted daughter, Janetta, to Mr. Harvey W. Scarff, of the Imperial Bank, Ingersoll, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Scarff, Woodstock.

The marriage will take place in the autumn.

Some of the guests at Morton Park are: Mr., Mrs. and Miss Oliver; Mrs. and Miss Strachan; Mrs. Wm. Reid; Mrs. H. C. Clendening; Mrs. R. J. Reid; Mrs. R. Gilpin; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Bradshaw; Mr. Wilfrid Bradshaw; Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Curry; Miss Madeline Curry; Mr. Norman Curry; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gregg and family; Mrs. J. Stevenson and son; Mrs. Cook and Miss Gracie Cook; Mrs. Dr. Fish and son; Miss Ellenor Greene; Miss Sparling; Miss Miller; Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Dickey and family; Miss Scheur; Mrs. Van Camp; Mr. and Mrs. Lander and son; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller and son; Mr. Buchannon; Mr. and Mrs. Chinn and family; Mr. and Mrs. Leverty and family; Mr. Kaake; Mr. Myers; Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Presant and son; Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner and family; Mr. and Mrs. Abel and family; Misses Wilkinson and Misses Riley.

LADY HELEN GORDON-LENNOX
Youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Gordon.

On Monday afternoon and evening, August 9th, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Voelker, of 59 Beatrice Street, held an entertainment in honor of their daughter, Marjorie, the occasion being her seventh birthday. The lawn in the rear of their residence where the party was held was prettily decorated with many Chinese lanterns and flags, and the table was tastefully decorated with many pretty cut flowers. Mrs. Voelker, the hostess, was very ably assisted in entertaining by Mrs. Karl Ondricek, and the young people had a very enjoyable time with games, music and refreshments. Those present were:—Freddie Cornfield; Harry Armstrong; Myrtle Henry; Mabel Benson; Marjorie O'Dell; Marjorie Campbell; Dorit Barber; Connie Heintzman; Kathleen Lundy; Florence Drury; Elitha Peer; Laura Lidkea; Eva Cornfield.

At Christ Church, Belleville, on August 9th, the marriage of Miss Jane Alice Lucy Cunnington, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cunnington, and Mr. Blake Forster, was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Abott-Smith, rector. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a pretty travelling dress of tan rajah silk, with garniture of black jet, and hat to match. There were no attendants, and only immediate relatives and friends were present at the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Forster left for Quebec, and later on will reside in Toronto. Mr. Richard Cunnington, Mr. W. Cunnington, Mr. Brock and Mr. Coffin were guests from Toronto. Some handsome gifts were received from the officers and sergeants of the 15th Regiment.

The Annual Windermere Regatta was held on Wednesday, August 18th. An interesting list of events were arranged by the committee, who were indefatigable in their efforts to make the day a success and the whole regatta was run off between the sailing of the morning and evening boats, to the great enjoyment and enthusiasm of the big crowd in attendance.

For some time past rumors as to the removal of the well-known down town Convent "Loretto Abbey" have always been vigorously denied, but now an official announcement has been sent out that a large piece of property on Eglinton Avenue, North Toronto, has been purchased and building operations will soon be under way. Old students will hear with regret of the change as the historic place holds many youthful recollections for them. The quaint old gardens with overshadowing giant trees, filled with the perfume of old time flowers, the corridors and dormitories through which the black robed and softly spoken sisters flitted, the great drawing rooms and reception parlors, where callers were seated, the chapel and the hall filled with crowds of relatives and friends for the closing exercises are memories of youthful days and pranks within the cloister of the Abbey. Daughters and nieces of many a famous woman have been educated there and imparted a romantic tinge to the intercourse of school routine, while the graduates who have attained to prominence and fame in literature and the arts are a numerous body.

Mr. J. H. Carter, who has been cruising on Lake Ontario in his yacht Aida with a party of friends, has visited Kingston and cleared for Charlotte and Oswego.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald and Miss Bertha Archibald are at their pretty summer cottage, near Port Carling, but Mr. Edward Archibald has left Port and gone to the north.

One of the most popular guests at the "Manoir Richelieu," Murray Bay during last week, was Miss Georgia Van Filson of Quebec—a guest of Capt. and Mrs. J. A. Muckle of Philadelphia.

Arrivals at "The Penetanguishene" are Mrs. James Leadd, Buffalo, N.Y.; H. F. Langenburg, St. Louis; F. Denne, Winnipeg; W. E. Dixon, Toronto; J. G. Fleming and wife, Toronto; Mrs. R. P. Eckart, Toronto; Miss Margaret Eckart, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Canton, Kingston, Ont.; Mrs. J. R. Scrimger, Galt, Ont.; Margaret G. Kay, Galt; F. W. Crooker and wife, Waterdown; Mrs. P. Talcott, Boston; Miss Gordon Sioux, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, Collingwood; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hayes, Montreal; J. Arthur Corbett, St. Louis; S. Washington, Hamilton; R. H. Hortopp, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve, Collingwood; Mr. C. V. Hall, Toronto; A. Calderwood, Toronto; S. E. Kirpatrick, Toronto; Don. M. Dickinson, H. T. Thurbur, Detroit; Wm. Cole, Midland; Mrs. W. B. Kerr, North Tonawanda; A. G. Collins, Toronto; Geo. H. Fensom, Toronto; Miss E. M. Thomas, Denver, Col.; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Taylor, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Abercrombie, Newark, N.J.; D. Medcalf, Toronto; Miss M. C. Burton, Brooklyn, N.Y.; D. N. Maxon Brooklyn, N.Y.

On Monday evening the guests assembled at a whist drive, and spent a very enjoyable evening over this fascinating game. At the conclusion of the tournament, Mr. Nahn presented prizes to the clever bridge players amid loud applause and frivolity. Mrs. W. H. Mills, Hamilton, Ont., received first prize, but declined to make a speech, though pressed and urged to do so repeatedly. Mrs. L. D. Adams, of Des Moines, Iowa, was awarded second prize, while Mrs. Dines, from Denver, Col., received amid blushes and laughter, the booby prize. It was a most successful and enjoyable whist tournament, and Mrs. Mills, who purchased the valuable prizes, showed rare judgment in her selections. On Saturday, Aug. 14, the hotel held their annual regatta, and they spared no pains to make it the most successful in the history of the hotel. Valuable prizes being given, and the entry lists held a number of names for the various events. The regatta took place immediately in front of the hotel and it was a glorious sight, as a large number of yachts, gasoline launches and other boats came to the scene, making it most picturesque. At the conclusion, a fancy dress ball was held in the ball-room at 8.15 and the prizes given. The ball eclipsed anything of the past, and the guests worked hard to appear in something handsome.

Mrs. Taylor and Miss Levanche McCabe, who have been summering at "The Breakers" their pretty island home, leave this week for the mountains to spend a month.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins are in Frankfort, Germany.

Mrs. W. H. Shoenberger is spending the summer at Rice Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Palmer and Mr. O. B. Sheppard were visitors of Dr. and Mrs. McWilliams at Keene, Gore's Landing.

Mr. Hart, Mr. Copeland and Mr. C. H. Gray, are spending their holidays at Rostrevor.

Mrs. C. A. Larkin, who spent a few days in town has returned to Clovelly, Windermere.

Guests at the Royal Muskoka are: Mr. W. J. Agnew, Mrs. F. H. Cragg, Mr. B. H. Neil, Mr. E. J. Stomes, Mr. B. D. Blackwell, Miss Rena Winter, Mr. W. R. Winter, Miss Julia B. Moment, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Van Bergh, Miss Allan Mosher, Mr. G. Mosher, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. B. H. Dawson, Mr. A. D. McMaster, Mr. Thos. H. Halt and Mr. R. S. Lewis.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ruth Hamilton Fuller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valancey E. Fuller and the grand daughter of the late Lord Bishop of Niagara, to Mr. Richard Walsh of Kempwood, Clondalkin, Ireland, and Palo Duro, Texas.

Miss Bertha May Crawford has returned from a month's vacation at Georgian Bay.

Rough Surface and Stripes Featured in this Early Fall Showing of Dress Goods

"The Pendulum is on the swing back, and is already past the half way mark," says a fashion authority speaking of the return to popularity of the made-to-order dress.

The Vogue for rough surface goods for the new season is already established; the general tendency among the more exclusive houses is to feature these fabrics, and the last word from New York announces authoritatively the favor with which fashion's followers have received rough surface and striped dress goods. We reproduce a most popular fabric, a rough diagonal weave, at $1.00 yard. Heavy, soft material—pure wool, and shown in quiet, dignified, conservative shades.

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THE STOLEN SIGNAL-BOOK

By R. J. BUCKLEY

WE had spoken of British patriotism, and Hallam concurred with me that though the English when compared with foreigners seemed cold externally, no people in the world were prouder of their country or more determined to preserve its honour before the world at large.

"There are exceptions," he continued, "but the exceptions only prove the rule. There never was a country without its traitors, and, if I remember aright, there was a Judas among the Twelve Apostles themselves."

I said that my reading of Scripture had left the same impression. He lay back luxuriously and commenced to make smoke-rings. It seems that the peculiar art of the Bonn University student is to make two consecutive smoke-rings, the first large, the second small, and to blow the little one through the big one. To acquire the needful skill takes time, but while the student is thus engaged he is doing nothing worse, a consideration which contents the authorities.

"It rather depresses one to find that traitors are not unknown in England," resumed Hallam, "yet we cannot complain. Treachery with us is not racial, as in some countries. We have an occasional traitor, just as we have an occasional case of Asiatic cholera. Both are foreign to the country and the climate."

"I suppose that you have investigated many serious cases of treachery more serious than the Woolwich affair of which you told me?"

"Most certainly," and with a bow of mock ceremony, Hallam went on:

"Talking of traitors, what would you do to anyone who told you there were traitors in the British navy?"

"Knock him down," I ejaculated.

"Quite right, dear boy—spoken like a Briton. And if you jumped on him afterwards, no doubt a British jury would take a lenient view, and would ascribe it to—"

"Uncontrollable impulses of hysteria," I suggested.

"Would it be indiscreet to desire particulars?"

"Not a bit—now. The whole thing has blown over, and a similar misfortune will scarcely occur a second time. As the naval song says, 'Caution marks the guarded way'; and Fleet Signal Books will not be left about on the desks of Commanders' cabins.

"At the moment I was called into this special business I was so happy that I knew it could not last. I was potting artichokes, and my asparagus beds looked better than I had ever seen them. But ruthless fate was not to be denied; and when my servant appeared at the corner near the celery trench, I bet myself half-a-crown I was about to be sent away for a month. And so it was. Mackie is certainly a good gardener, but—who likes to leave his loved ones in charge of another?

"I saw an Admiralty official who, at first, assumed a tone of superiority so overwhelming that, I concluded, he thought he was talking to a groom. When I had set him right on this point I learned that a Fleet Signal Book had been stolen from the 'Pelion' lying off Plymouth, and to this almost incredible fact might be added two others—no one had been arrested, and no one in authority could offer the smallest suggestion as to the direction in which it had disappeared.

"You will understand that the loss of such a book involves consequences of the gravest character. Suppose we were engaged in a naval war, and that the enemy had the means of reading our signals, and also of misleading our ships, or even decoying them to their destruction. Upon my word circumstances are conceivable in which our very existence as a nation might depend on the enemy's possession and mastery of our Fleet Signal Book."

I began to see the extreme seriousness of the situation.

"The thing is so important that every such book is heavily bound in lead, and by the standing orders must be placed in a certain spot during battle, so that if needful, it can be sent to the bottom of the sea at a moment's notice. One of these precious depositories of the nation's naval secrets had mysteriously disappeared, and it seemed as though an entire revision and reconstruction of the Code would be necessary; no light matter in a navy like ours. Fancy teaching the whole thing anew, and then finding that the new signal-book had followed the old one!

"Armed with proper credentials, and accompanied by my assistant Morland, disguised as my daughter 'Lucy,' I journeyed to Devonshire and went aboard the 'Pelion' as a country vicar who was a distant relative of the Commander, who despite his misfortune entered into the spirit of the thing, and, I verily believe, at first cast dubious glances on 'Lucy' whose get-up and demeanour presented a masterpiece of art. As a relative of the Commander she was highly privileged on the 'Pelion'; as a charming but coy maiden from the country she was still more highly favoured. Susceptible lieutenants made eyes at her, and I distinctly heard one young rascal declare he would give a day's pay to get a sight of her ankle. Intolerable young rogue! But 'Lucy' was far too modest to allow of such a possibility. Morland knew too much about the expressiveness of people's feet.

"Well, notwithstanding all our efforts, we discovered absolutely nothing. The facts were simple enough. The book had been left on the table of the Commander's cabin while he had gone ashore. On his return it had faded away like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wrack behind. Who had taken it? Where was it? Bless me, how easy it is to ask questions! This business threatened to beat us. And the state of things on board, the miserable suspicion everywhere was indeed deplorable.

"I indulged in a regular daily row—with Gubbins."

"We did all we knew for a week, coming and going from our hotel in Devonport, and as rural folks from the Midlands taking the greatest interest in everything and everybody, and diligently comparing notes every evening without being able to suggest to ourselves the shadow of a clue to work upon. We were almost in despair when, once again, the chapter of accidents stood us in good stead.

"One afternoon, just as we were being put ashore at our usual landing-place, another boat, dexterously handled by a fine young fellow in boating costume, approached the steps. With the laudable object of getting in first, our boatman, a jolly tar of the 'Pelion' crew, manœuvred to take the inside course, inducing a slight collision, a mere bump of the stranger's craft, though enough to disconcert the oarsman for a moment. He uttered an exclamation of impatience, an involuntary ejaculation of 'Awkward fellow,' and—he uttered it in French.

"That was all. But as he handed the boat to its owner, whom he addressed in perfect English, I took especial note of his appearance, and afterwards, with 'Lucy,' sauntered in the direction he took until I had located him in his hotel. I felt a strong desire to know more of this expert oarsman, who being to all appearance a genuine John Bull, yet in a moment of annoyance, unconsciously expressed himself in French. Now, during my many sojourns among foreign nations, and elsewhere, I had met with many who spoke excellent English, but who would momentarily forget this accomplishment when annoyed or taken unawares. An Englishman who speaks fluent French, when overcharged by a Paris cabman, is apt in the first flush of his anger to drop an English word or two, eh?"

I said that every man preferred to swear in his own dear native tongue.

"To know all that was known at the stranger's hotel," continued my friend, "was easy enough. Stated seriatim, my information was as follows: He called himself W. J. Thomson, of Liverpool; he was supposed to be in easy circumstances; he had rented two rooms in the hotel for nearly six months; he was fond of boating, and was an expert oar; he was on the water every afternoon, but he did not always row himself; on these lazy days he always hired the same man, one Gubbins, and lastly Mr. Thomson had intimated that he would shortly give up his rooms, and would proceed on an extended tour to Italy and Egypt. Happy dog! So far I could discover no earthly reason why he should have uttered an exclamation in French; nor could I explain to myself the un-English flash of his eye as he used the abusive words. And the name of Thomson excited suspicion. It was so very commonplace that it *might* have been chosen for a purpose. I followed up this scent with alacrity.

"Before many days I found that no such person was known in Liverpool. No W. J. Thomson, a skilled yachtsman of independent means and who spoke French, was traceable by my agents in the Mersey city, and I began to rub my hands. Instinct, dear boy, was at work! There is within us a sub-consciousness, an intellectual suggestion, the working of which we do not perceive except by its results, and this it is that convinces us without reason, as it were. Of course, the faculty is more highly developed in some than in others. I flatter myself that mine has a high degree of sensitiveness, and that in many perplexing investigations it has pulled me through. But we are verging on the occult; let us call it instinct, eh!

"We watched Mr. Thomson pretty closely, either from the water-side or the deck of the 'Pelion,' and I soon observed that he had altogether given up rowing himself and that Gubbins was now invariably employed. Decidedly, the dear Gubbins was absorbing some of the interest which properly belonged to Thomson! Who, and what was the weather-beaten Gubbins, and of what did the two speak so earnestly when far away from shore? For so much I had noted through the excellent naval glass with which 'Lucy' and I, standing on the hospitable deck of the 'Pelion,' swept the horizon at all sorts of times. My darling girl was particularly partial to this recreation, and in a few days was familiar with every peculiarity of the favoured Thomson, who, she declared, when talking with Gubbins three or four miles out, would gesticulate like a Frenchman. Just so. But why so much discussion with a mere 'longshoreman?' And why discuss at sea? Was it because there are walls ashore and walls have ears?

"Gubbins was soon tabulated. Tall, dark, and sullen; about fifty; shady boat owner, father and grandfather smugglers and worse; betting man down on his luck, his boats mortgaged to the very thwarts. Beautiful!

"When I heard this from 'Lucy,' I exclaimed in the words of a song once popular, 'Now we shan't be long!' You see my working hypothesis that Thomson had something queer about him was at each step confirmed by the facts which successively came to light. Gubbins was likely to be productive of more soul-stirring information; instinct cried aloud that Gubbins must be worked for all he was worth.

"It was strange, but 'Lucy,' with all her talent, had after all missed the most vital piece of information. In a casual talk with a Devonport man I learned that Gubbins had a son in the navy, somewhere, but whether at home or abroad nobody knew; probably Gubbins himself did not know. He was just the sort that took no notice of their offspring, nor they of him. A son in the navy, had he? Bless my stars! Beautiful once more! And that son—was he by any chance serving on the 'Pelion'? Ahem—pardon my 'hollow cough.'

"The Commander was surprised to

(*Continued on page* 19.)

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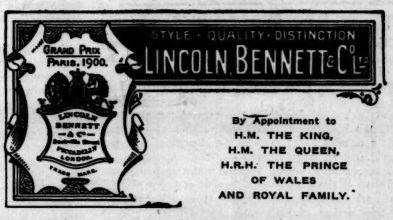

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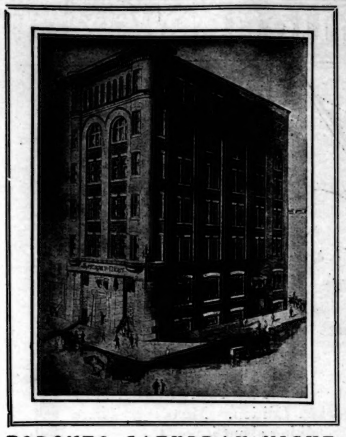

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Points About People

A Toronto Boy's Fortune-making Voice.

MUCH is being said just now in the American papers of Wilfred Morrison, the thirteen-year-old boy singer of Toronto, who is to be paid the remarkable sum of $500 a week by a New York concert company for a tour of the United States from New York to San Francisco and thence to Australia, the trip to occupy a full year. That a boy singer should receive such an enormous salary is a notable event even in the theatrical and operatic world, where large salaries are not uncommon. In spite of his extreme youth, Wilfred was engaged to sing at the Julian Walker testimonial benefit at Carnegie Hall, in New York, recently, and he made an excellent showing among fifty artists of high rank. Whether or not the boy's voice will retain its sweetness and power for many years to come is a matter of conjecture, but experience has shown that such rare soprano voices as that possessed by "Canada's greatest boy soprano" do not usually endure long beyond the lad's present age.

Wilfred, who is well known in Toronto of course, has the type of face possessed by most boy singers. It is younger than that of the average boy of his age, his mouth being particularly childish. His eyes have not a little of spirituality in them.

A Misplaced Adverb.

IT is not even the most grown up of us who can avoid an occasional defeat at the hands of an adverb that will not go in its right place in the sentence, but a lad in one of the city schools has produced *chef d'oeuvre* which the teachers are still telling with great glee.

Inspector Hughes had arrived at the school and was conducting a cheerful little quiz throughout the school. He walked into a very junior room and in his breezy, cheerful way, began to pry into the little souls of the children before him. Kindness was his topic, and he laid his ground by securing a few examples out of the experiences of the children themselves.

Would anyone give him an example of kindness?

One little boy would. His father often took him to a five-cent show. Then every youngster in the room would. All the changes were rung on the subject of parental indulgence with examples, but still one little fellow remained unheard. He got his chance, and bursting with eagerness, he started, but his excitement was fatal.

"My father—my father—nearly gives me a cent every morning."

A "Special Article" Expert.

AMONG the young Canadian writers who are "in right" with American editors is Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane, who is at present living in Toronto, out Scarboro' way. When Mr. McFarlane was at the Toronto University he became afflicted with the literary bug, took a hand at editing that facetious sheet, The Varsity, and when he graduated began to approach local editors with copy—short stories, special articles, and so on. Most of the editors printed his copy but sent him no cheques in return, so McFarlane cursed Canadian newspapers and magazines and editors, all and sundry, with a mighty curse, and left the country. He went over to New York about the same time that Arthur Stringer and other hopeful young Canadians made their debuts there, and although his name is not so well known perhaps as those of Stringer and Norman Duncan and Harvey O'Higgins, he has been about as successful in his way as any of them. He can stroll into the editorial rooms of any one of a dozen or so big American publications, go out with the editor to lunch, and arrange for the writing of an article or a series of articles at a price that would even yet fairly stagger some Canadian editors. He also has the satisfaction of knowing that he is making more money than a good many of the aforesaid Canadian editors. Mr. McFarlane began his literary success as a writer of short stories, and good stories they were, too. But while he can still produce meritorious tales to order at any time, and does so occasionally, he devotes most of his energy to the manufacture of special articles. They pay better.

The development of the special article, is the outstanding feature of modern journalism. Some journalists profess to believe that the special article is superseding the editorial, not only in popularity, but in influence. In the old days the nearest approach that a newspaper or magazine made to a special article was a long sermon in stilted, flowery language on a topic of the day, or a big, dull bunch of statistics. The writer simply strung together a lot of dry-as-dust facts obtained from a bluebook or some other tome. Perhaps he didn't have the facts at all. The result was an unattractive, indigestible mass of stuff which if applied to any modern phase of life would simply make people sorry that any one had invented wireless or a machine that could fly, or had done anything else at all out of the way. Nowadays the writer of a special article is expected to put fancy as well as the real facts into his material. He is expected to be epigrammatic, to put life blood into his stuff, to make his readers sit up and laugh here and there all through the article and then take it seriously in the end. That's what Arthur E. McFarlane does. If he didn't deliver the goods he would not have so many of his articles accepted and highly paid for by big publications. For it takes time to work up the material for a special article these days. and time means money. And the fact that any one of a dozen leading editors is ready to say, "McFarlane, spend the time and money necessary to get wise on this question, and let us have what you think it's worth"—this fact means that McFarlane can deliver the goods.

Some time ago he made a contract with a certain journal to write something about Barnum and Bailey's circus. He didn't simply go to the circus and write a page or two about it offhand. He travelled with the show for two or three weeks; stood in the ticket-seller's cage and kept his eye peeled for incidents; dressed as a clown and helped in a turn; and learned pretty nearly everything there was to learn about the humorous and serious sides of running a big circus. That's the way special articles are worked up these days, and that is one reason why their preparation is somewhat more arduous but also more profitable than short-story writing.

Naturally Mr. McFarlane, sojourning with strange folk here and there to learn their habits and language, has accumulated a large fund of good stories. One that he told the other day to some friends seems timely just now when so much is being heard from suffragettes on the lack of consideration accorded women by the world. Mr. McFarlane and Arthur Stringer roomed together for a time when they made their first attack on literary New York. In those anti-prosperity days, the young men lived frugally in unæsthetic surroundings, their window looking out on a prospect somewhat resembling the famous street scene in "Salvation Nell." They were amused as well as distracted by many strange noises, but from the cramped domicile of a certain family near by arose every night sounds of discord and strife that came to be distinctive and of compelling interest. One night in this disturbed and disturbing home a row ensued that made all previous rackets there seem as the cooing of doves. All over the court windows flew open, that of McFarlane and Stringer among them. From what could be heard it seemed that murder was being done. They were just about to dash off, thinking to rescue a woman from the hands of a brutal, besotted husband, when suddenly an excited little urchin rushed out of a doorway, and yelled to a group of night hawks assembled on the pavement:

"Come on up quick, youse; me mudder's killin' me fadder."

Then the windows were all slammed down and interest in the episode suddenly faded.

A Genuine Hoodoo.

THERE is an old-time telegraph operator—let us call him Coady—who is well and favorably known from Toronto to Texas. His "sine"—every telegrapher has a "sine"—is "CD." He is CD now and he was CD in the strike of '83, which is quite a modern incident in his experience. It is understood that he was in the business before Senator Cox and Andrew Carnegie got out of it. It's dollars to doughnuts "CD" is a better operator than either of these worthies ever was, but he's not in it with them in picking the good ones.

Now and then he goes to see the bang-tails, but its always an off-day when CD goes. It is popularly supposed that he never cashed a ticket. Elections are a favorite investment with him, but the two-legged runners don't do any better for him than the quadrupeds. It was really the fact that CD backed the straight Conservative candidate in East Toronto that elected Joe Russell. Several newspapers have claimed credit for the triumph of the license reduction by-law at the polls last January. Just as likely a cause for its passage is that CD bet against it, not wholly on principle either. And now it's the lacrosse matches. It was rather a surprise to the large general public when Tecumsehs decisively defeated the strong Shamrock team two weeks ago, but then the general public didn't know that the Shamrocks were hot favorites with CD. Last Saturday sure enough he did win on the Torontos. but there's a good chance that if he hadn't been interested the Caps would not have scored. So let the sporting editors "dope out" the chances between Tecumsehs and Torontos any way they like, the one good tip for the betting man is "line up against CD and you're all right."

Independent Jack.

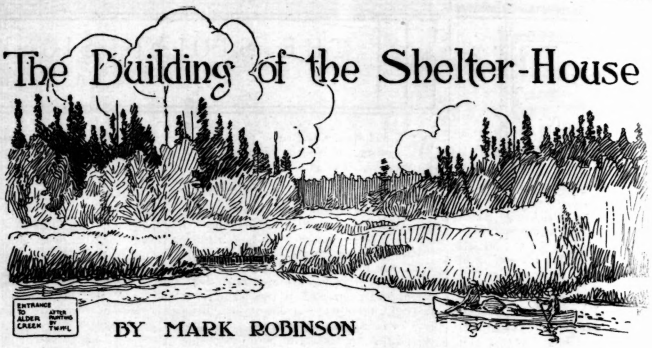
A little citizeness of six summers and a small citizen of four, members of a household of which Dr. H. H. Moorhouse is the family physician, accompanied their mother to the dress-maker's not long ago. During the process of a rather lengthy fitting they imparted all kinds of information to the friendly girl with the fascinating pin-cushion tied at her waist.

Finally said Violet, apropo of nothing:

"Dr. Moorhouse brought Jack."

"Dr. Moorhouse nevvah did!" exclaimed her younger brother tossing back his head, the plumage of his manly pride ruffled all in a second, "Deh dooah was open an' I walked in maself!"

The Building of the Shelter-House



BY MARK ROBINSON

ON the 14th day of September, 1908, I was informed by our superintendent that a shelter-house on Mink Lake at the north end of Algonquin Park had been destroyed by fire, caused no doubt by lightning striking the building. I was to form one of a party of four rangers under the charge of Mr. R. Balfour, who would go and rebuild the house. I was delighted at the prospect of the trip, which proved to be a rather hard one, but very pleasant and interesting to the end. Park rangers, Peter Ranger and Zephir Nadon, two stalwart young French-Canadians, expert bushmen and canoists, joined the party. The 15th found the four of us busy getting our provisions and equipment in shape to move on the 16th, when we took the 6.30 a.m. train to Bruli Lake. On arriving there arrangements were made to have our stores, etc., forwarded the following day to MacLaughlin's Depot on White Trout Lake by one of the company teams. Then we started to walk sixteen miles to De Grassy Bay, where Mr. Balfour had his canoe "cached." Reaching there we paddled to the depot on White Trout Lake, where Mr. Balfour remained to take charge of our stores on their arrival, the rest of the party pushing forward across the lake to Longer Lake, then up Alder Creek to the portage to Burnt Lake, and crossing the portage, passed by the MacLaughlin Depot on Burnt Lake. Around the buildings we saw as fine vegetables being harvested as could be found in any part of Ontario. A cordial invitation was extended to us to remain over night. This we were forced to reluctantly decline and proceed on our way to the foot of Burnt Lake. Just as we were pushing out, the depot cook hailed us and forced upon us a half bag of bread and cakes, cooked meat, etc., also a quantity of nice fresh vegetables in another sack.

That these gifts were acceptablle was no dream. (This is a quiet way the lumbermen have of repaying favors for putting out of fires on their limits by the Park Rangers). On arrival at the shelter-house we partook of an excellent supper and retired shortly after pipes, completely tired out, having made a record trip. The howling of a large pack of wolves nearby failed to cause any comment from any of the party and soon sleep caused all care to vanish until sunrise next morning. After breakfast more canoes were procured and we returned to White Trout Lake (via Red Pine and Pettawawa River), where we waited until 5 p.m. for the arrival of our stores. We loaded our canoes and proceeded to White Trout shelter-house for the night, carrying most of our stores and canoes over the portage to Longer Lake to be prepared for an early start the following morning. After the evening meal we lit our pipes, and the usual hour was spent in stories and tales of the woods. Next morning we met our troubles early, the waters in the Pettawawa proving too shallow to float our heavily laden canoes. Then we had to get out and ease the canoes over considerable distances; sometimes to our knees in mud, but always kept in good humor by Mr. Balfour's quiet remarks, that "whatever happens is best, boys." We arrived at Burnt Lake shelter-house late in the afternoon. Next day we spent in grinding axes, repairing canoes, saws, etc., and getting our stores into better shape for the remainder of the trip. Then came Sunday, the day of rest, which was welcomed by all the party. Monday morning we had our canoes loaded and ready to move at 6 a.m. sharp, going down the Perley Lakes and Pettawawa River to Catfish Lake, where we arrived at 11 a.m. Here we viewed the wonderful Turtle Stone on the ancient Indian camp grounds for a few moments, then went to the shelter-house for lunch and a rest to prepare us for the long portages on the five-mile rapids. We managed to get our stores over and reach Cedar Lake at 5 p.m., feeling very sore and tired. Next morning we awoke about 7 a.m. to find the entire country covered with dense smoke which became so dense going up Cedar Lake as to compel us to travel by the shore line. While going up Aura Lakes during the afternoon the smoke cleared somewhat, and by the time we reached the head of Couchon ("Lost Pig") Lake, we were able to locate the fire and pitched our tent for the night. We investigated the cause of the fire, which we found under control of a large number of men from a neighboring lumber camp. We also visited the site of the destroyed shelter-house, then returned to our camp and prepared for the night. After supper we all lay quietly around the camp fire, when one of my Canadian friends whispered to me and pointed to our leader, "Bob, he think a lot, he tell us where he put house to-morrow. We say nothing, Bob he fix where we put the house." We crawled into our bags for the night, and next morning the plan was discussed and fully explained to us. By ten o'clock the site for the new shelter-house was reached.

I was promptly appointed cook, being the tenderfoot of the party, and by lunch time those stalwart young Canadians had several logs cut, and were busy removing the bark from them. The afternoon was spent in getting cedar timber for the foundations, and the laying of the same, and then the hewing of four-inch boards for the floor, which was placed in position before any further building of the walls. Once the floor was finished, the walls were put up to the required height, the timber being peefed where cut, then drawn to the building with "tump lines" by the builders. After the walls were finished, boards were hewed for the roof three inches thick and any width that could be reasonably made. Upon these a covering of tar paper was placed for the winter. The cracks between the logs were filled with moss pounded in solid, then a door was placed in position. The lumber for this purpose we got at a neighboring lumber camp by knocking old pork boxes to pieces. We also used it for making window frames. The sash and glass we brought with us from headquarters. Bunks for sleeping were put up, boards being split from cedar timber, then hewed smooth. Thus was built and made ready for winter use a first-class shelter-house, the only tools used being axes, cross-cut saw, hammer, yard rule, and plumb line. During the week spent in building, we witnessed one night the terrible ravages a bush-fire can make in a few hours. During the afternoon a strong west wind had risen, causing the smouldering fires to revive and travel over the ground burnt over a few days previous. The leaves on the trees having become dry and inflammable fed the flames which appeared to almost reach the clouds, to such an extent that when the green forest was reached it swept all before it destroying several square miles of young pine. Fortunately a heavy rain commenced to fall early in the evening, which no doubt saved a number of lives of the employes of the lumber company, who were caught between the lake and the fire. Immediately upon finishing the shelter-house we started for home, reaching Burnt Lake late in the evening of the 3rd October. Rain having cleared the atmosphere we were able to see much game, deer, beaver and otter, also mink, all being very plentiful in this section, also all along the route. Resting over Sunday, Mr. Nadon and I said good-bye to our brother rangers who were stationed at Burnt Lake, and started for headquarters via White Trout Lake, Wilson's Island, and other lakes, arriving there October 7th. All along the routes from Burnt Lake we saw an abundance of game of all kinds, enjoying the freedom afforded by the protection given in the park.

The Paint Was Upside Down.

DOWN in Dundas County, the constituency which Premier Whitney represents in the Legislature, there resided until quite recently a merchant commonly known as "Pat." His store was situated in a village back from the St. Lawrence several miles, and it was a real country trading post where neighbors gathered o' nights to talk "hoss" and "crops," and swap stories.

Now Pat, a typical son of Erin, had lived many years in the vicinity, and was respected alike for his honesty and wit. He was known by every person for miles around, even as far as Limerick and Connaught (two Irish settlements farther north in the country.)

One day when business was rather quiet and no one was about but a small guard of loafers, a lady entered the store and thus addressed the merchant;

"I say, Pat, I am having a deal of trouble with the paint you sold me the other day."

"And how can that be?" inquired Pat, his interest evidently very much aroused.

"Well, it's like this," she replied"; the paint will not stick to the floor as it should, while everything which falls on it from above sticks hard and fast."

Pat's face was a study, but his native wit did not fail him.

"That paint," he replied, "is highly recommended. Sure all the neighbors for miles around speak well of it. But in your case there must be something wrong. Now, you tell me the paint will not stick to the floor?"

"No. it will not."

"And it will stick to everything else which falls on it from above?"

"Yes."

"Sure then, there is only one thing can be wrong. You have no doubt opened the wrong end of the can and put the paint on upside down."

What the Barber Did.

THE next time that Peter Toews, of Winnipeg, enters a barber's chair he will make certain he won't take a nap. He wandered into the tonsorial parlors of a Leonold Violete recently. When he came to he had the following little bill presented to him:

Hair Cut	$ .25c.
Shave	.15c.
Singe	.25c.
Electric Shampoo	.50c.
Scalp Massage	.50c.
Face Massage	.35c.
Eye-brows Dyed	.75c.
Moustache Dyed	1.00
Total	$3.75

To this was added $1 for good measure. Toews looked at himself in the glass. It was not the same Peter Toews he knew before his sleep in the barber's chair. He pinched himself to be sure he was not still sleeping. There was an altercation which wound up in the police court. Magistrate Daly was called upon to adjudicate as to the bill. Peter seriously considered bringing in a charge of assault when he viewed his countenance, but was finally appeased by having his bill cut down to 40 cents, which he duly paid.

The so-called briar pipe is not made of briar at all, but from the root of a particular kind of heather, called in French *bruyere*, which grows on the hillsides of the Tuscan Alps in north Italy and on the mountains of Corsica. English tradesmen, finding the correct word *bruyere* somewhat difficult for the British tongue, reduced it to briar, and in this way the corruption crept in and was established by popular usage. Originally Swiss peasants made snuff-boxes of this wood, and when snuff-taking became unfashionable, the peasants turned their attention to manufacturing the root into pipes, for which a ready market was at once offered.

TO hear an ordinary, plain, flesh-and-blood clergyman blunder through a theological disquisition, or work itself up to a pitch of perspiration in a be-good-and-you-'ll-be-happy homily, is a very common Sunday evening experience. We have all slept or fanned ourselves through such, and the general effect is decidedly sedative—not to say bromidic. One is reminded of Sydney Smith's statement that some clergymen in their sermons try to remove evil in the way God removed Adam's rib—by casting the subject into deep sleep. But to hear a ghost preach—a real, certified, unimpeachable, disembodied spirit give a sermon— that is somewhat out of the common. But it happens right here in the city of Toronto at half a dozen different places every Sunday night, to the edification of quite a number of solidly material citizens. In fact, the sermonizing exploits of the spooks occur with such regularity, that cards announcing their appearance occupy the "want ad" columns of the daily papers.

It was the lure of such an announcement that brought me last Sunday evening to a house on George street a little before eight o'clock. The door was thrown wide open and the light of the solitary gas-jet displayed a few of the outstanding features of which were a gentleman in semi-clerical attire, and a large placard stating that admission was ten cents. The gentleman was not especially spiritual looking, unless a pronounced redness about the face should be taken as evidence, but he had a very far-away look in his eyes. As I hunted out my dime I had an uneasy impression that he was ogling a spook just back of me. In my nervousness I dropped the coin with a clatter, but the seer took no notice.

It was with natural trepidation that I sidled into the scene of the mysteries; but the sight of a folding bed in a corner, with two short legs very much in evidence at the top, gave me a very gratifying sense of matter-of-fact existence. There were also a number of photo-enlargements on the walls, the subjects of which quite satisfied me, that I had not yet entered the realms of spirits. It must not be thought, however, that the room—a first-floor front—was destitute of spiritual apparatus. For in the corner opposite the bed stood a large square frame covered with a black cloth. There was nothing about it to indicate its precise use, but I had a hazy idea that the ghosts either materialized on it or wrote their messages there.

The room was filled with chairs, on which were seated about a dozen people. They were mostly women, some of whom looked strained and nervous, as if expecting a ghost at any old moment. Two or three men sat chatting together, burly, comfortable-looking fellows, who might be expected to face with equanimity spirits of all kinds. Several of the women were in black, giving one the impression that they were seeking messages from the recently departed. Although the lecture had been scheduled for half-past seven, there was still no sign of a beginning, so I slipped into a seat in the back and waited. The conversation going on all about me seemed to be devoted exclusively to the subject of "experiences."

"Just like a mist," said one, "and I knew it was Mary Ann."

"And then the raps came that he was happy."

"The medium told me that my influence didn't want me to do it."

"No, he didn't say anything. He just sort of waved his hand, and then he melted away."

It was nothing but "mediums" and "spirits" and "influences" all about me. Even a little girl there joined in and wanted to know, "when will the ghosts begin, mummy?" But that was still some distance off, as the seats filled slowly. All the people who came seemed to know one another, and they immediately started in to swap experiences. At one point an earnest discussion started as to whether or not the spirits of the dead were hovering about them. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that they were. In view of the rather crowded atmosphere of the room, I was inclined to agree.

Every now and then the Doctor, who still stood guard over the collection plate, would make a little run out of the front door, and it almost always resulted in a few more people coming in. They were elderly women as a rule, and seemed to be of the kind whose houses are "ha'nted." But I was glad to see them. They took up chairs and brought the real performance just so much nearer. Besides the atmosphere couldn't get much more spiritual. And, incidentally, I may say that I use the word "doctor," as applied to the main "psych," on account of a diploma from "The New York School of Psychology," which was plastered up for all eyes to see. In this he was duly declared to be a "Doctor of Psychology," and the big red seal had all the impressiveness of an oath.

At last, the room was entirely filled, and the Doctor came in and sat down. He did so with extreme dignity, as though the spirit of Julius Caesar or Charlemagne was for the moment in possession. He mopped his face, and beamed with sultry cordiality on some of the choicer spirits present. After intimating that such ladies as desired might take off their hats—"though, of course, there aint' no necessity if you don't want to"—he stated in a deep bass voice that he would now lead in singing the first two verses of Nearer My God to Thee. "Sing it soft," he recommended; and sing it soft they did—all but the Doctor himself, who worked in some most extraordinary bass effects. His voice dropped away down below his collar, and his chin made noble efforts to follow it, several times almost succeeding in getting under his front collar-button. The general effect was decidedly sepulchral, reminding one of an ancient ghost in the throes of colic.

The hymn having been duly executed in protracted agony, he proceeded to pray. He shut his eyes much in the ordinary way, though they were perhaps a little tighter—probably on account of his puffy lids—but he managed to work in some unusual features. He had a trick of butting his head forward, as though he was trying to worry the "spirit influence," and he rolled his voice in a most extraordinary manner. No spirit influence of ordinary nerves could long withstand such energetic supplication.

After the prayer, which was quite an ordinary piece of street corner clap-trap, with the exception of some technical phrases about "planes" and the like, and also some very extraordinary grammar, he opened his eyes as far as his puffy lids would permit, and announced that he would now proceed to the lecture.

"Of course, I haven't chosen no subject for my little talk this evening," he explained, "as the spirit influences decides that. Being as I am a trance-medium, I just throws myself under their control, and they use my organs. I don't know how they'll act to-night, as it certainly is purty hot," here he slipped his handkerchief around inside his collar, "but I hope as they'll prove entertainin' to you accordin' to your desires."

The long expected moment had at last come!

The Doctor after one long look around, as though saying good-bye before he took off the lid for the "spirit influence," put his hands in front of his face and gave them a sort of rotary motion. Then his shoulders began to hitch up and down, and his head bobbed about, much like a school-girl choking back a fit of the giggles. Gradually the spirit got a "full Nelson" on him. His head was bowed lower and lower, and he beat his elbows against his sides, as a newly decapitated chicken would flap its wings. Suddenly he straightened up and grew rigid. Then he took his hands down, using one of them to clutch the little table for support. His face was all tied up in a knot, and as for his eyes, the only trace of them was a couple of slight depressions showing where they had used to be. It was a very impressive performance. The little girl present became quite frightened and started to snivel.

"What's the matter with that man, mummy," she whimpered, "has the ghost got him?"

"Good evening, my friends," said the Doctor—or the spook that happened to be making use of his organs for the moment. As a bit of vocalization it was superb. His voice seemed to come from somewhere in the neighborhood of his lowest vest button. Everybody sat up on the instant and took eager notice. Clearly, it was a very remarkable "spirit influence," and would have been extremely impressive, if it had not been so suggestive of a cold in the throat.

"I have been a' travellin' around and around," continued the spook in the same sepulchral key, "goin' from plane to plane, an' from condition to condition, an' from continent to continent, an' from city to city, a'lookin' into factories, an' temples, an' churches, an' houses, an' lives—an' now I've found my way into your atmosphere."

One could quite understand that a ghost with any powers of scent whatever, would have had no difficulty in the world picking out that particular atmosphere a long way off. The only puzzling thing in it all was why he should want to find his way into it. But there he was, at any rate, and so after this vulgar display of his globe-trotting achievements, he proceeded to inform everybody that the sermon would be on "The Good Samaritan." His text, however, served merely as a sort of oratorical springboard. He barely touched it before he jumped off it and proceeded to cut all kinds of airy capers, to the sad detriment of the language. It was quite clear that this particular spook did not live on the same plane as the ghost of old Lindley Murray, for the grammar and diction were of a kind that the stout old pedagog would never have tolerated here below. The metaphors, too, were fearfully and wonderfully made. There was talk about "the iron hand of oppression being wafted away." We were also informed that "prayer would descend like a blanket of ca'mness." The spook orator used a style of pronunciation which flourishes almost exclusively under the Star-Spangled Banner, and is generally referred to as "Amurrican." There was much good advice about "deepin' yer dooty," and the spirit which was using the Doctor's "organs" made as much use of his nose for purposes of speech, as was consistent with the maintenance of a bass voice. As a ventriloquial stunt, it was great. But as a sermon, it fell rather flat. The speaker misused and mispronounced a lot of words which wouldn't have meant anything anyway in the order he had them. He mouthed a lot of incoherent gibberish about "Agnostism an' other sex of ph'los'phers"; and he talked a great deal of hopeless drivel about "the gambler an' the murderer, an' the man of riotious life, who don't do no prayin' fer a ton of coal fer the pore widow, but puts his hand down in his own pocket and gives her the money what she wants—an' that's a pra'r, oh my friends, a pra'r what's recorded on the minds of the spirit influ'nce."

There is a story told of Lyman Abbott, the well known editor of The Outlook, that he once attended a spiritualist seance where he held a conversation with a spook who claimed to be the ghost of his father. After the talk was over he was asked what he thought of it.

"Well, all I have to say is this," he replied, "if I deteriorate in the spirit world half as rapidly as my father seems to have done, I'll be a stark naked fool about a month after my arrival."

For the sake of the earthly repute of the anonymous spook who delivered this sermon I speak of, it is to be hoped that it has deteriorated a great deal in the spirit world. Otherwise it would be painful to think of a human being with so little sense as it displayed on this occasion.

The atmosphere went on getting more and more spiritual; and the sermon from being funny began to grow intolerable. It was time to make my escape. I had to disturb one or two people, and there was a little noise made. It may be imagination, but it seemed to me that the spook opened one of the Doctor's eyes and threw at me a glance that boded me little good when it caught me on its own "plane."

After this communication with the spirit-world, it was a pleasant relief to sit on the end of a mundane street car and listen to an earthly conductor growl out the names of Toronto streets. P. D.

George Ham as an Athlete.

SOMEONE or other—it really doesn't matter who—once described the great German poet Heine as the sardonic smile on the lips of the Almighty when He looked down on the petty struggles and passions of mortals. In the same way one might imagine the great Power That Is looking down in more kindly mood, on the doings of a lot of good fellows for instance, and laughing out a big, hearty, whole-souled laugh, a laugh that was all pure merriment without a drop of bitterness. That laugh would be George H. Ham, George to all the "boys" from Montreal all round the world in any old direction and back again. And now they have gone to work and made him the president of the new C.P.R. Athletic Association. At last he has an official title. For years he has been the most important man on the Canadian Pacific from Liverpool to Hong Kong—in the estimation of the "boys" at least—but he never had a title. He was George Ham, the great and only George on the road—only that and nothing more. But now he is "The Most High Worshipful President of the C.P.R. A.A.A." How about that for a mouthful?

George in his inauguration address said that he was convinced the new Association had more champions than any other institution on earth. George was probably right—he always is. But he neglected to state just what kind of champions, and just what sort of athletic feats they will indulge in. Handling beer-kegs ought to be a favorite recreation with the youthful athletes—empty beer-kegs, as it is unlikely that they would have a full one around long enough to be able to practice with it. Tossing glasses is also good fun, or rolling bottles. A pleasant innovation on their first programme would be such events as, "Blowing foam for distance," "high and broad jumping over bar," "two-pint race," "snort-putting," and other similar contests to promote geniality. But whatever the circumstances, one thing is sure—that with George as president, and under the persuasive force of his beguiling eloquence, there is bound to be a high old time in any old town any old night for every member of the Association. Here's wishing it and its genial president all the luck there is—and then one more, on us!

A Chance for the Men Behind.

AN old soldier who took part in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, tells an amusing story of the Sixty-fifth Regiment of Montreal, which is largely composed of French-Canadians. There was an old regulation that no matter what the language and nationality of troops fighting under the British flag, commands must be delivered in the English tongue. The broken dialect of some of the French officers was a source of constant amusement to English-speaking participants.

One day a company of the regiment was sent out to drive some redskins out of a coulee where they entrenched themselves. The French captain gave a command to the front rank to fire, as half a dozen of the foe showed themselves and took pot shots at the troops. The volley was fired, two or three of the foe fell, and the line was mechanically prepared to deliver another when the captain cried excitedly:

"Stop shoot! Stop shoot! Leave some for de rear rank."

Mr. Seagram Beaten by the Excise.

PEOPLE up around Waterloo tell an anecdote illustrating the quickness of repartee in Mr. Joseph Seagram, the well-known distiller and horseman. Some years ago he gave a picnic to all the numerous employees of his establishment and to many of his constituents in North Waterloo. Midway in the proceedings the fun commenced to hang fire and Mr. Seagram asked one of his guests, Mr. Powell, the collector of inland revenue at Guelph, what he had better do to liven up matters. The latter suggested that he and "Joe" run a foot race. This was agreed to and the word was passed around. The race aroused much interest and the Government official was an easy victor.

"Well," said Mr. Seagram as he wiped the perspiration from his brow and got his breath back, that was the first time I ever was beaten by the Excise and I knew it."

Flying as an Art.

EVEN when flying machines are much nearer perfection than at present it will be a rather delicate art to operate them. Speaking of this an editorial writer in The American Machinist, of New York, says:

It is a serious question. . . . . if the enthusiasts have considered, or in any true degree realize the difficulties of the aviator's task, or are intelligently planning for suitable instruction in aviation. Such instruction must be forthcoming before any very large number of the human family can feel at home in the air.

"Glance backward a few years to the days of bicycle popularity; recall your troubles in learning to balance on the narrow tread of the wheels; remember the bruises and bumps that you carefully nursed on your own body and smiled at if they showed on a friend's. Yet you were only a few inches higher in the air than if you were walking and had no obstacles to consider except uneven places in the street. And these uneven places were plainly in sight. . . . . .

"How different is the condition of the aviator! His pathway is beset with eddies, swirls, cross-currents, waves, billows, puffs and gusts of wind that he can not see, that can only be known when he feels them and yet one and all must be carefully reckoned with if he hopes to make a successful flight. All of these things are met at a speed of translation through the air of from 25 to 45 miles per hour. While beset with these unknown difficulties, balance must be maintained in a position at a considerable height above the ground and under conditions intrinsically far more trying than on a bicycle, and with life the possible price of failure. Again, the successful operation of a highly organized gasoline motor must be attended to under the conditions of air disturbances, high speed, elevation, and sensitive balancing. Does not aviation call for a high degree of physical courage combined with excellent self-control and cool judgment? Apparently the doing wrong of any one of many things invites disaster."

That the aerial balancing alone is a difficult feat is shown by the experiments of the Wrights, Curtiss, and others with gliders, extending over several years. In trying to learn this one phase of the art, both Lilienthal and Pilcher lost their lives. The writer proceeds to quote the following pertinent passage from a professional paper presented by Major Squier to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers last December:

"The aviator's task is much more difficult than that of the chauffeur. With a chauffeur, while it is true that it requires his constant attention to guide his machine, yet he is travelling on a roadway where he can have due warning through sight of the turns and irregularities of the course. The fundamental difference between operating the aeroplane and the automobile is that the former is travelling along on an aerial highway which has manifold humps and ridges, eddies and gusts, and since the air is invisible he can not see these irregularities and inequalities of his path and consequently can not provide for them until he has actually encountered them. He must feel the road since he can not see it."

The Western Way.

HENRY W. LUCY, the famous English journalist, familiarly known as "Toby, M.P.," under which name he writes deliciously humorous Parliamentary comment for Punch, and who was recently rewarded with a Knighthood, tells some rich stories indeed in his recently published volume of reminiscences "Sixty Years in the Wilderness." He never had any connection with politics except as a commentator, but for forty years he has always had inside knowledge of everything transpiring or about to transpire in the House, and he has known everybody worth knowing. He writes in delightful anecdotal style of all the famous men of his day.

He tells us a story of Lord Russell, of Killowen, who, while on his Canadian tour, congratulated a waiter in Manitou on the healthiness of the town.

"I guess it's pretty wal," replied the waiter.

"When we built a school house nothing would do for some of the citizens but they must have a cemetery. We laid it out and walled it in, but we had to shoot a man to start it."

The Long-Lived Maritimers.

THE finest product of the Maritime Provinces is not their superior potatoes, or the Malpeque oyster, or their brainy politicians. It is green old age. Travellers from Canada—the old people of Acadia still apply that name only to Ontario and Quebec—wonder if they ever die down by the sea, and certainly no one outside ever lives long enough to find out. Every now and then Sir Charles Tupper is pointed to as a marvellous example of active old age. He is eighty-eight, and every year he crosses the Atlantic and the continent, submits to interviews, and writes for the magazines. But the old Cumberland war-horse is just ordinary for a Nova Scotian. He is not really very old, and he is not active. It is rather a shame for him to have retired. Now there is Pilot Lahey—eighty-six last September, and bringing the C.P.R. Empress steamers into St. John harbor all winter, just as he did the clipper ships of sixty years ago.

"How old are you, Lahey?" asked an old Glasgow captain, as the old pilot brought his vessel up the narrow channel past McAvity's dredge one evening last autumn.

"I'm sixty," was the gruff reply.

"Well, you don't look it," rejoined the Scotchman.

My Christmas pudding last year, writes a correspondent, was made by a New Brunswick woman of eighty-five, who thinks her daughters too inexperienced for such special cooking, and who occupies her leisure with books and needlework, announcing that she will not take up bridge until she is an old woman. I have before me a small flimsy handkerchief, hem-stitched and trimmed with English thread lace. There is nothing remarkable about its appearance, but my wife tells me it was made by another New Brunswicker, a lady of ninety-eight; that she used No. 200 thread and took up every hole, and that she doesn't wear glasses.

Of course, death does overtake some of them. Senator Wark, for instance, of Fredericton, and Mrs. Blizzard, of Grand Lake, were just over one hundred, and Joseph Wade, of Annapolis Royal, was unfortunate enough to catch a bad cold at one hundred and two, which proved fatal. On his hundredth birthday, his family unto the fourth and fifth generation greeted him at breakfast, and one rather bumptious nephew, a lad of sixty, asked him:

"Uncle Josie, how do you feel upon commencing your second century?"

"Well, my boy," said the hero of the occasion, "I think I feel a good deal stronger than when I began my first."

Sportsmen will be interested to know that Mr. Roosevelt's license in Africa is just an ordinary one, and permits him to shoot the following: Two male elephants, two rhinoceroses, ten hippopotami, twenty-one antelope (including two kudos, two gemsbok, and one bongo), two earth hogs, two earth wolves, ten chevrotains (musk deer), two colobi or fur monkeys, two marabou storks, two ostriches, two egrets, and one chimpanzee. There are no restrictions on the number of lions, leopards, and crocodiles that he may not kill, but he may not shoot any of the following: giraffes, wild asses, elands, zebras, female or young elephants, vultures, saddle-billed storks, whale-headed storks, crowned cranes, okapi, female buffalo, female or young ostriches, Speke's tragelaphus (female).

H.H. Princess Alexandra of Fife—The latest portrait of Princess Alexandra, the eldest daughter of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, who was recently presented at Court.

Is Britain Being Outwitted?

H. G. WELLS, the eminent English writer, so many of whose stories have dealt with "war in the air" and other phases of aerial invention, was asked by The London Daily Mail to write an article on the significance of M. Bleriot's recent successful flight across the English Channel. Mr. Wells complied with the request, and wrote the following article which ought to make the whole of Great Britain sit up and rub its eyes:

"It means, I take it, first and foremost for us, that the world cannot wait for the English.

"It is not the first warning we have had. It has been raining warnings upon us—never was a slacking, dull people so liberally served with warnings of what was in store for them. But this event—this foreigner-invented, foreigner-built, foreigner-steered thing, taking our silver streak as a bird soars across a rivulet—puts the case dramatically. We have fallen behind in the quality of our manhood.

"In the men of means and leisure in this island there was neither enterprise enough, imagination enough, knowledge nor skill enough to lead in this matter. I do not see how one can go into the history of this development and arrive at any other conclusion. The French and Americans can laugh at our aeroplanes, the Germans are ten years ahead of our poor navigables. We are displayed a soft, rather backward people. Either we are a people essentially and incurably inferior or there is something wrong in our training, something benumbing in our atmosphere and circumstances. That is the first and gravest intimation in M Bleriot's feat.

"I do not think that the arrival of M. Bleriot means a panic resort to conscription. It is extremely desirable that people should realize that these foreign machines are not a temporary and incidental advantage that we can make good by fussing and demanding Eight and saying we won't wait, and so on, and then subsiding into indolence again. They are just the first fruits of a steady, enduring lead that the foreigner has won. The foreigner is ahead of us in education, and this is especially true of the middle and upper classes from which invention and enterprise come—or, in our own case, do not come.

"He makes a better class of man than we do. His science is better than ours. His training is better than ours His imagination is livelier. His mind is more active. His requirements in a novel, for example, are not kindly, sedative pap; his uncensored plays deal with reality. His schools are places for vigorous education instead of genteel athleticism, and his home has books in it, and thought and conversation. Our homes and schools are relatively dull and uninspiring; there is no intellectual guide or stir in them; and to that we owe this new generation of nicely behaved, unenterprising sons, who play golf and dominate the tailoring of the world, while Brazilians, Frenchmen, Americans, and Germans fly.

"That we are hopelessly behindhand in aeronautics is not a fact by itself It is merely an indication that we are behindhand in our mechanical knowledge and invention. M. Bleriot's aeroplane points also to the fleet.

"The struggle for naval supremacy is not merely a struggle in shipbuilding and expenditure. Much more is it a struggle in knowledge and invention. It is not the Power that has the most ships or the biggest ships that is going to win in a naval conflict. It is the Power that thinks quickest of what to do, is most resourceful and inventive. Eighty Dreadnoughts manned by dull men are only eighty targets for a quicker adversary. Well, is there any reason to suppose that our Navy is going to keep above the general national level in these things? Is the Navy bright?

"The arrival of M. Bleriot suggests most horribly to me how far behind we must be in all matters of ingenuity, device, and mechanical contrivance. I am reminded again of the days during the Boer War, when one realized that it had never occurred to our happy-go-lucky Army that it was possible to make a military use of barbed wire or construct a trench to defy shrapnel. Suppose in the North Sea we got a surprise like that, and fished out a parboiled, half-drowned admiral explaining what a confoundedly slim, unexpected, almost ungentlemanly thing the enemy had done to him.

"Very probably the Navy is the bright exception to the British system; its officers are rescued from the dull homes and dull schools of their class while still of tender years, and shaped after a fashion of their own. But M. Bleriot reminds us that we may no longer shelter and degenerate behind these blue backs. And the keenest men at sea are none the worse for having keen men on land behind them.

"Are we an awakening people?

"It is the vital riddle of our time. I look out upon the windy Channel and think of all those millions just over there, who seem to get busier and keener every hour. I could imagine the day of reckoning coming like a swarm of birds.

"Here the air is full of the clamor of rich and prosperous people invited to pay taxes, and beyond measure bitter. They are going to live abroad, cut their charities, dismiss old servants, and do all sorts of silly, vindictive things. We seem to be doing feeble next-to-nothings in the endowment of research. Not one in twenty of the boys of the middle and upper classes learns German or gets more than a misleading smattering of physical science. Most of them never learn to speak French. Heaven alone knows what they do with their brains.

"The British reading and thinking public probably does not number fifty thousand people all told. It is difficult to see whence the necessary impetus for a national renaissance is to come. . . . The universities are poor and spiritless, with no ambition to lead the country. I met a Boy Scout the other day. He was hopeful in his way, but a little inadequate, I thought, as a basis for confidence in the future of the Empire

"We have still our Derby Day, of course. . . .

"Apart from these patriotic solicitudes M. Bleriot has set quite another train of thought going in my mind. The days of natural democracy are surely at an end through these machines. There comes a time when men will be sorted out into those who will have the knowledge, nerve, and courage to do these splendid, dangerous things and those who will prefer the humbler level."

Enchantment.

I KNOW a land of rest for all,
Most excellent for camping;
Where through the forest primeval
The startled deer go stamping.
Where trout go leaping up the falls
Of merry rushing brooklets,
Where nature, sweet-voiced nature calls--
It's in the railroad booklets.

UNDOUBTEDLY the time will come when all bakeshops will wrap each loaf of bread as soon as it is removed from the oven, says the Bakers' Weekly. This subject has been agitated in Washington, but has met with some opposition from those who thought that the wrapping would impair the palatability and digestibility of the bread.

To answer this argument the health department experimented with various kinds of papers and discovered that the effect of the protective covering was to preserve the freshness of the bread, which was even superior after twenty-four hours. The labels which are now often affixed directly on the loaves could be used to seal the wrappings.

Some of the bakers argue that this is not practical for the bakery that turns out many hundreds of loaves daily, but accounts of some of the larger bakeries and restaurants of the East show that they have already adopted this method of wrapping each loaf in paraffin paper as soon as the bread is removed from the oven. Some bakeries now wrap the gluten bread, which is sold largely to the hospitals, but at a higher price than the ordinary bread, and not made in such enormous quantities.

THE LAKE ROUTE TO WESTERN CANADA.

The palatial steamers Saronic, Hamonic and Huronic, of the Northern Navigation Co., sail from Sarnia Wharf Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. The Hamonic is a new steamer put in commission this year, and is the finest and most up-to-date vessel on the Upper Lakes. The fresh water sea voyage through Lakes Huron and Superior to Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth is a magnificent trip and unequalled in America.

Tickets, further information, etc., may be obtained at Grand Trunk City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

A very dainty little booklet setting forth the many different ways in which electricity may be used in the home, has just been published by the Toronto Electric Light Company. It describes the various mechanical devices by which the current may be used for heating, cooking, ironing, and even hair-curling, and vibratory treatment of the skin.

"I hear you spent your vacation with friends." "We were friends during the first week."

A Painter Talks of Art

HON. JOHN COLLIER, writing in The Nineteenth Century, makes this pertinent and striking comment on the outlook of art and artists:

"I am afraid there is no doubt about it—I have the misfortune to belong to a decaying profession.

"It is true that more pictures are produced now than ever before in the history of the world, but every year there seem to be fewer people found to buy them. The painting of pictures will always persist as a delightful occupation, but no profession can be said to be flourishing which is not on a sound money basis.

THE NECESSITY FOR MONEY.

"From the point of view of the artist, this money basis is of supreme importance. After all, we have to live. (I hope no one will be unkind enough to remark that he does not see the necessi ty.) What makes this state of things the more distressing is that large sums are still spent on pictures, but almost exclusively on the works of deceased painters. That this shows that the art of painting still meets with some appreciation is but a poor consolation to us who are not yet deceased, and, indeed, are struggling hard to keep alive.

"The great problem set before the modern artist is how to divert this golden stream into what he regards as its legitimate channel—i.e., his own pockets.

"I have a pet scheme of my own, which I think goes to the root of the matter.

"It is, stated briefly (and very crudely), that artists should endeavor to paint pictures which the public will want to buy.

"Of course, this statement will at once evoke a howl of indignation.

"'What?' it will be said. 'You want artists to pander to the depraved taste of the public?'

"My answer is that I do not believe that the taste of the public is a whit more depraved than the taste of the average modern artist. I am inclined to think that it is less so, and I am quite certain that it is much less depraved than the taste of the average modern critic.

"Let us consider what it is the public wants.

"In the first place, it wants beauty—especially human beauty.

"Is this so very wrong? Certainly, most modern artists seem to think so.

"Of course, the desire of the public for human beauty is liable to degenerate into a taste for mere trivial prettiness, but that is only the defect of the quality. I strongly maintain that a preference for the representation of a beautiful human being over that of an ugly one is eminently sound and wholesome.

"Then the public likes a certain measure of finish. The natural man cannot understand coarse work; he hates rough blobs of paint and handling so loose that to see its effect one has to stand away the whole length of a room. He likes to look at pictures at a comfortable distance—even to look into them at times.

"Also the natural man likes detail. Having an unaffected love of Nature, he enjoys careful painting of even the subordinate parts of a picture. It worries him to have costumes and accessories merely indicated. I need scarcely point out how seldom the modern artist gratifies his taste in this respect.

"And this brings me to the fourth requirement of the natural man, and that is a certain simple realism. He likes things in a picture to look to him more or less as they look in real life.

"We are so bent on making our works conspicuous at exhibitions that we paint them much too big. Of course, this has a bad effect on sales. Lastly, the public likes cheerful pictures—at least, as permanent possessions."

F. W. AYER, the advertising agent, at the dinner in Philadelphia in honor of his firm's fortieth anniversary, said that to succeed in advertising required hard work.

"The successes in this business are stupendous," he said, "but some folks think that working as Roebottom, of Camden, worked, a man can build up a great advertising fortune. Roebottom was a roofer. He was engaged on a Mickle street house. One day, as he was lunching, he was heard to give a yell of pain.

"'What's the matter, Roebottom?' a carpenter asked.

"'I got a nail in my foot,' the roofer answered.

"'Well, why don't you pull it out?' said the carpenter.

"'What! In my dinner hour?' yelled Roebottom, reproachfully."

John Kay Company

First showing of Fall Importations in Carpets, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Drapery Fabrics and Fine Furniture

The John Kay Company have planned for the coming season a display of high-class furniture and furnishings in advance of anything they have heretofore shown.

Careful personal selection has been made by their buyers from the productions of foremost makers in Europe and America, and all interested in the artistic furnishing of the home are invited to call at the store during these opening days and view the new arrivals now almost daily placed on sale.

Consignments in the lines here mentioned are already on view. They merit a special visit.

Lace Curtains
Lace Bed Spreads
Lace Covers
Cushion Covers
Brocades, Tapestries, Cretonnes, Taffetas, etc.

Fine Furniture for Drawing-rooms Dining-rooms Living-rooms, etc. In Refined and Beautiful Designs.

Axminster Rugs
Wilton Rugs
Wilton Carpets
Brussels Carpets
Axminster Carpets
Madras Muslins

John Kay Company LIMITED
36 and 38 King Street West

The Picture Tells the Story

The illustration herewith is a reproduction from an instantaneous photograph of a cricket game, with a Soho Reflex Hand Camera.

The clearness of this photo tells, better than words could do, the remarkable efficiency of the Soho Camera.

The accurate photographing of swiftly moving objects is the best test of the worth of a camera, and the Soho invariably fulfills the expectations of its owner, no matter how fast the action of the object to be photographed.

But the Soho has many other points to recommend it.

First of all it is simple, not requiring much knowledge and long experience in photography in order to get the best results.

In the Soho, moreover, the extension of bellows is very great, allowing of long-focus lenses being used, as also telephoto attachments.

Another important advantage is the absolute freedom from vibration of the Soho. The action of the mirror is smooth and checked, and even in the largest sizes there is no vibration.

In the Soho the mirror is moved by a spring guided in grooves that take it backward and round in a curve, thus avoiding the lens and permitting the use of lenses of very short focus. While the same trigger releases both mirror and shutter, mechanism is so arranged that the shutter cannot be released until the mirror is out of the way. In the Soho Reflex no photos are spoiled by this frequent defect.

MARION & CO., LTD., SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

TEACHER'S

The highest virtue that can be claimed for a beverage is PURITY.

Of Scotch Whisky Brands there are few that can, with so much justification, claim absolute purity as can TEACHER'S. Matured in wood, and mellowed by age.

Geo. J. Foy, Limited, Toronto, Can.
Ottawa Wine Vault Co., Ottawa, Can.
AND RETAILED IN TORONTO BY
WM. MARA & CO.

SPORTING COMMENT

LIGHT on top of the announcement that a final effort was to be made to bring about some kind of union and co-operation between the two great governing bodies in Canadian athletics, comes the statement that the Independent Harriers, of Montreal, have decided to secede from the C.A.A.U. The Harriers have made overtures to the City and District Harriers, of the same section, and they have been accepted. This seems to point to the formation of a large Eastern league, and the probable final division of Canadian athletics into Eastern and Western sections. Perhaps this is the best way out of the difficulty, and some of the experts are strongly in favor of it. Certainly the C.A.A.U. directorate has not shown itself capable to cope with the difficulties caused by the jealousy between Quebec and Ontario athletics. This is shown in the attitude of the Harriers and the motives which they allege for their secession. They claim that they have been systematically neglected by the powers that rule the C.A.A.U., and that the climax came in the C.A.A.U.'s refusal to include any Montreal runners in the team which went West to attend the championship meet. It was then that they decided they were strong enough to leave the Union and would do so, since there was no advantage for them in remaining members of it.

While the plan of forming Eastern and Western sections may be the only way of putting an end to the war which has been going on for some time, and which has had a very unfortunate effect on athletics in this country, it is still rather regrettable that Canadians cannot have a strong central governing body as they have in the States. This plan of dual control leaves much to be desired, and it does not seem too much to ask that local differences and jealousies should be subordinated to the general good of Canadian athletics. But whether or not the men that control these matters will be willing to display a thoroughly unselfish spirit, is another question; and there seems little hope of a favorable answer. The best that can be looked for with any confidence is the formation of two governing bodies, one for the East and one for the West, and that the present hostility will give way to some workable and reasonable system of co-operation. Everyone who is interested in the settlement of existing difficulties is looking forward anxiously to the coming meeting at Ottawa on Labor Day.

* * *

NO better proof could be given of the unsportsmanlike spirit which is coming more and more to dominate championship lacrosse than the announcement that Billy Foran, of Ottawa, the famous lacrosse magnate and well known referee, has refused to ever again act as umpire. This is especially unfortunate at a time when men of Mr. Foran's knowledge of the game and decision of character are so badly needed. But one can easily sympathize with him in his decision, and in his statement that "refereeing is a mighty poor business." It certainly is. The task is a difficult one even under the most favorable circumstances, and in dealing with men of the calibre of many present-day lacrosse stars, it becomes simply intolerable. If this sort of thing continues it will become more and more difficult to get competent and thoroughly reliable referees, and the result will be an irreparable injury to Canada's national summer game. The only way out of the difficulty will be for the N.L.U. to hire men for the purpose, and support them in their decisions with the same relentless vigor as has marked the action of the great American baseball directorates. Canadian lacrosse is suffering from loose and selfish control, and it is high time there was a change of tactics.

* * *

THE picture of Baddeck I, the aerodrome with which experiments have been conducted recently at Petawawa, is given on this page. At first sight it might seem that this was hardly a sporting picture; but in spite of the commercial and military aspects of the airship, it is also an important newcomer in the world of sport, and people are only now awaking to its possibilities. The time is now not far off when aeroplane races will become as much a feature of sporting events as are automobile races to-day. In fact, they are even now preparing for a great international contest at Rheims in France. Furthermore, one of the contestants of whom most is expected is Curtiss, who received his training from Dr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the Baddeck. Is it too much to expect that the time will come when such men as McCurdy and Casey Baldwin will give Canada some prominence in this field, which is now almost monopolized by France and the United States?

* * *

THE inter-provincial cricket match played at Rosedale on Friday and Saturday of last week resulted in a much easier win for the Ontario team than was generally looked for by followers of the game. The western eleven secured a lead of one hundred in the first innings and finished the game with the handsome majority of 150.

A feature of the match was the very fine wicket-keeping of D. Cordner, one of the representatives of St. Paul's C.C. of this city. He went on to the field a comparatively unknown man, and "made good" to such an extent that he was one of those selected on Saturday evening by the Canadian Cricket Association to represent Canada in the annual match against the United States at Montreal on August 23 and 24. Not only was his work "behind the sticks" a delight to all who saw it, but he had the satisfaction of being the "not out" man in both innings, his second venture being responsible for a stylishly played 22.

BADDECK I.
The Graham Bell Aerodrome, with which experiments have recently been conducted at Petawawa. The picture shows the "front control" of the machine and the engine in position.

J. Bell, of Rosedale, proved himself to be one of our foremost cricketers, and he easily carried off the laurels for batting. His contributions of 84 and 77 not out were obtained by first-class cricket. This player is worth a place on any team this country puts into the field, and supporters of the game are hoping that he will follow up his recent success in the games against the Gentlemen of Ireland and the United States.

F. C. Evans, the London representative, at no stage displayed his old-time dash, and his 40 was secured by steady, fine cricket.

H. G. Davidson, H. S. Reid and S. R. Saunders all scored well, the latter making 34 and 26.

S. J. Heygate, of Ottawa, is without doubt one of this country's finest cricketers both at the wickets and in the field. His 32 in Quebec's first venture was made with such dash and confidence that everyone present regretted seeing him go back to the pavilion.

The uncertainty of cricket was again demonstrated by O. Wallace of Montreal. This gentleman in his first innings gave an excellent display of batting, and carried his bat for 44 —in his second he was caught and bowled for a duck.

The most successful bowler of the match was W. Short of Grace Church C.C., and some surprise is expressed that his name does not appear on the International eleven.

Should the same standard of cricket be maintained in Montreal as was played at Rosedale last week, the United States will have to "go some" to add another win to their already long list.

* * *

ACCORDING to a rumor from across the water there is just a possibility that the Dohertys may be among the English invaders for the Davis cup trials to take place at Philadelphia in the early part of September. But whether or not they do come it is significant that they have both appeared in tournaments lately and have shown that they have not lose the knack of handling the racquet. It was on the cards that H. L. was to have appeared at Wimbledon in the English championships, but he had to abandon the idea owing to a soreness of the neck, an ailment which gave him great trouble for a while. R. F. has already played in the Leicester tourney, defeating Dr. Geanes in the final, and both played in the doubles at Nottingham, beating Gore and Dr. Geanes.

Very likely if they should find themselves equal to a hard match they will come to America, and if not Gore and Ritchie will have to face the music. In speaking about their return to the game an Englishman remarks: "We have lost the Davis cup without them, and they must know full well that we have little hope of recovering it unless they come to the rescue, while their attempt in the good cause—even if it should fail—will in a large measure compensate for the disappointment felt and so freely expressed when they stood by in 1907." There is talk already that H. L. is keen on having another turn at Wimbledon next year, and with R. F. in better health the game may see another Doherty era. Both are young men comparatively, and there is no reason why they should not return to championship form.

* * *

STUDENTS of American baseball and admirers of the great stars of the diamond will be interested and amused by the following verses from Leslie's Weekly. They refer to the great batsman Mike Donlin, and are entitled "The Aged Stranger." They run:

"I played with Mike," the stranger said;
Said the old fan, "Say no more,
But sit thee down in that easy chair
And spiel me some baseball lore."

"I played with Mike, the stranger said;
Said the old fan, "I'd hear more,
But first partake of some meat and drink
Of which I've a goodly store."

The stranger ate and drank his fill,
Then lighted a good cigar,
And smoked a while with a dreamy smile
Ere he talked of swatdom's star.

"I played with Mike," at length he spoke.
"I know," said the kind old fan.
"You played with the Giants in Donlin's time,
When every one hit and ran!"

"You've mixed your dates," the stranger said;
"It was back in eighty-one,
When Donlin and I together played.
And we kids had lots of fun."

The old fan uttered not a word,
But he must have felt some sore,
For he landed twice on the stranger,
Who would play with Mike no more.

* * *

IN England they are still worrying about some of the recent defeats inflicted by foreign athletes on Englishmen. The American win at polo is an especially sore point, and just now it seems that the Hurlingham Club is coming in for a lot of abuse on account of its management of the affair. Although Englishmen are generally pretty good losers, people are heaping abuse on the devoted heads of this club for their choice of players and mounts, and are blaming them for the loss of the cup. Whether or not this is true, it is at any rate a bad thing for a sport that it should be controlled in this way by any one club or clique of players. Englishmen are beginning to find this out, and a writer in The Bystander calls attention to the fact. He says:

"I have been watching with much interest the situation which has arisen in polo circles since the defeat of our team by the American players in the matches for the International Cup. The result of that defeat has been the raising of a storm of abuse leveled against the Hurlingham Club, which, as the governing club of polo, selected our team. Into the merits of the question it is not my business to inquire, but I feel it my duty to draw a moral from it for the benefit of golfing circles. A short time ago we witnessed a great agitation, having for its object the destruction of the present management of the Amateur Championship, and the substitution in its place of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. Happily, that agitation came to nothing, but it might well have succeeded. Had it done so, the Premier Club would then have been much in the same position as the unhappy Hurlingham Club. That Club has had tons of abuse heaped upon it

(Concluded on page 17.)

MOGUL
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

While climate and soil play an important part in the cultivation of tobacco for MOGUL Cigarettes, the way the tobacco is cured is quite as important.

Curing is a slow process of fermentation which preserves the qualities of the tobacco.

It is this curing process that brings out the delightful aroma so noticeable in MOGUL Cigarettes.

The tobaccos used in MOGUL cigarettes are grown in the finest tobacco-growing district in Turkey and are then blended by expert tobacco blenders.

MOGUL Cigarettes with cork tips, in packages of 10, cost 15c.

S. ANARGYROS 475

At Your Summer Home

there will be days without cooling breezes. Then you will need

"MONTSERRAT"
Lime Fruit Juice

It is the ideal summer thirst quencher — makes dozens of delicious cooling drinks — and mixes with everything (except coffee). Next time you order supplies for the country, be sure to include "Montserrat."

Canadian Agents: 15
NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. of Canada Limited.

O'Keefe's

Is A Model Of Purity

Just think what we do to give you an absolutely pure wholesome beer!

After "Pilsener" is brewed, we filter it to make it clear and sparkling.

After we have bottled it, every bottle is pasteurized to make purity doubly sure.

You get the best at the Price of the rest when you order O'Keefe's.

The Beer With A Reputation. 143

Pilsener Lager

THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE

THE DRAMA

THE play is once more the thing. People are trooping back from the woods and the lakeshore and the seaside, and after their summer abstinence, all are clamoring for the pleasures of the theatre. Already one of the city's most popular playhouses has been open for a couple of weeks, and no better evidence could be desired of the general demand for theatrical entertainment than the crowds which have been filling it at every performance. It won't be long now before the other theatres will have followed suit, and soon the season will be on in full swing. This will be a welcome event to the hardened old theatre-goers whose evenings hang heavy on their hands unless they can spend a couple every week watching what the spot-light reveals. And when all is said and

MISS BILLIE BURKE
Who is now in Paris but will soon be back in America to resume her tour in "Lone Watches."

done, there is no art that grips one as does the drama, for the reason that the mimic world of the stage is the nearest of all to the actual life of men. We sit in the theatre, as the gods are said to sit and watch the vagaries of human existence. Lives are played out before us in tragedy and comedy. We are amused often, moved sometimes, and now and then at rare intervals comes a play which opens up for us an intellectual vista, which seems to answer the eternal questions, which lightens for an instant "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world." It is such moments as these that repay one for all the weary evenings spent in looking on worthless and insipid performances. They are the great but infrequent prizes in the lottery of the stage. But there are other minor prizes, too, and perhaps most people look back with keenest pleasure to evenings spent in thoughtless and care-free laughter at some rollicking and irresponsible comedy. There are many, too, who love to weep, and the pathetic little heroine, the victim of untoward fate, finds a ready way to their heart. But in the great house of Stageland there are many mansions, and all these people may find respite and pleasure in that hospitable palace of the wide-thrown doors, where there is unfailing welcome and the joy that brings forgetting, for all—that have the price. Therefore, I say, welcome once more to our midst, O Thespis, and may this year of your reign be fruitful of rich and varied pleasures.

* * *

SHEA'S is always the first to throw open its doors to the hungry lover of the stage, who has been barred from its delights for many weary weeks, and who therefore comes back with a clamorous appetite. And these unwilling abstainers always show their appreciation of the early feast by flocking to it in large numbers and bringing their enthusiasm along with them. There is little tendency to carp and cavil in those first weeks, and almost any old thing is sure of a good hearing. Not, however, that Shea's takes advantage of this to present any old thing. But any one who goes there in the beginning of the season must have been struck by the evident desire of everyone to applaud and give vociferous expression of their pleasure. And the bills have deserved it. Right from the crack of the pistol Shea's has been cutting out a splendid pace, and the great army of vaudevillians are cheering wildly from the side-lines.

This week's bill is the third of the season, and it shows no sign of falling off. It would be too much to say that it has no weak numbers, for Lillian Leville and Robert Sinclair give a silly and unattractive performance, in spite of the fact that they really can dance. But, of course, they do very little dancing, which they do fairly well, and quite a lot of singing, which they do abominably. But there is abundance of good fare to make up for one poor item on the menu. The sketch "Chums" is bright and amusing, and is well played. Eva Taylor and her company throw themselves into the spirit of the thing, and they manage to carry the audience along, too, over all the bumps of improbability in infectious merriment. Cats are not usually amenable to training, and, as a rule, a "trained cat" number is a promoter of pedestrianism and thirst on the part of the unattached men in an audience. But Silbon's cats are an exception to the rule, and they really give a very interesting performance. Julia Frary has a pleasant voice and an equally pleasant stage manner, and her singing of three or four popular songs caught the audience from the start. Besides these numbers, there is some excellent slack-wire work by Sidney Baxter, an interesting performance on the trapeze by the Idania Troupe, and a tolerable sketch by Leona Thurber and Harry Madison. Their patter is pretty poor stuff, but they sing a good song called "In Vaudeville," and give some clever burlesques of conventional "stunts" of the variety stage. Altogether the show at Shea's this week is a good one, and is receiving the patronage it deserves.

* * *

FRENCH playwrights seem to have the knack of writing clever horrors, and there are a couple of theatres in Paris that make a specialty of one-act hair-raisers. Not that they are melodramatic at all, but their quiet realistic horror is a thing to make the blood run cold. In The Bystander there is an account of one of these plays, which is typical of its kind, though perhaps a little more inclined to melodrama than most of them. It was called "Le Delegue de la Troisieme Section," and was produced at the Grand Guignol Theatre. Here was apparently a gathering of Russian revolutionists of the middle-class assembled for a little academic discussion at the house of one of the members—a quiet *bourgeois* parlor, with a simple lamp burning on the table, the light from which was just sufficient to keep the room in semi-darkness. The members greet each other, as they enter the room, with simple formality—pleased to see each other again, and all that kind of thing.

MISS ROSE STAHL
Who has scored a brilliant success in England as star in "The Chorus Lady."

They sit down, and there is a dramatic pause. Then, quite unexpectedly, one of the members, sitting quietly back in his chair, says they must be careful what they discuss, as there is a traitor in their midst. In a moment the delegates are on their feet. No noise, no raised voices—merely a quiet demand that the accuser shall substantiate his charge, and the accuser points out his man.

The accused ridicules the idea at first, but proof after proof is quietly laid before the meeting, and, at a signal from the chairman, the traitor is suddenly seized from behind and bound. It is all done so quickly, and yet so quietly, that the horror of the thing becomes very impressive. For the meed of the traitor is—death. And he is given five minutes in which to prepare himself—there in that quiet parlor, in the house of a member whose wife is in the adjoining kitchen calmly preparing supper for the delegates as soon as their business shall be ended. The traitor then says he has an accomplice. He will give the name on condition that his life is spared. The reply comes that his life is forfeit. If he will not give the other name of his own accord—well, like the gay English monarch, he will be an unconscionable time dying. They twist a black kerchief round his neck and half-throttle him; but still he will say nothing. Then one of the delegates stands over him with a knife, and says that, if he will not speak, his cheeks shall be sliced off, one after the other. This is really quite a nice bit of sensation. Just as the knife has got through the first cheek, however, the victim has the bad taste to spoil all the fun. He rolls out of his chair with a beautiful gurgle, and the delegates gather round him with the astonished remark, *"Cristi! il est mort!"* Only fancy!

In the second act the delegates are busy inquiring among themselves as to the identity of the other traitor, and suspicion falls on their host, who should know by this time what treatment to expect. Suddenly his wife, who has been listening at the door, burst into the room, and says it is she who is the traitor—she sold the other delegates to save her husband—real love, and all that kind of thing. The loving husband's reply is to throw his wife into the arms of his fellow-delegates and to tell them they may treat her as they think fit. He has another engagement. And, picking up a revolver from the table, blows out his brains and falls on the hearth-rug, while his wife obliges with a scream that you could hear the whole length of Regent street. That is all. But the quiet, deliberate manner in which the death penalty was inflicted in that semi-darkened room, where the voices were most of the time hushed for fear of eavesdroppers, was wildly uncanny. The dialogue had all the commonplace style of intense realism, and the acting was remarkable. After seeing a play of that kind, you want to look under your bed on retiring to make sure that nobody with a black kerchief is hiding there in wait for you.

* * *

THE first attraction to occupy the stage of the Princess Theatre, for the season opening Aug. 30, will be Geo. M. Cohan's musical play, "The Talk of New York," in which Messrs. Cohan and Harris introduce as a star Mr. Victor Moore, who will be recalled for his conception of the role of "Kid Burns" in "45 Minutes From Broadway." In "The Talk of New York," the character of "Kid Burns" is continued, but with an entirely different environment. In this new play, the "Kid" is discovered at the Sheepshead Bay race track, where he has succeeded in running a five dollar bill into a fortune. "The Talk of New York" is written in four acts, the first showing an exterior of the clubhouse at Sheepshead Bay; the second, the lobby of the Hotel Astor, New York City; the third, the Booth lawn at Claremont, on Washington Heights, New York City, and the fourth, the home of "Kid Burns" at New Rochelle.

The song numbers composed by Mr. Cohan for "The Talk of New York" include many popular hits which have been set to melody in the Yankee Doodle comedian's best style. The company which will interpret the piece is the original one which has surrounded Mr. Moore ever since he began his stellar career at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York City, over a year ago.

* * *

Seldom's Venus and "living statuary"—an ideal performance for warm weather—will be the headliner at Shea's next week. Living statues always manage to look so cool and comfortable that one would forget all about the temperature in watching them. There is also said to be an excellent girl act in Bertie Herron and Company; while other features are Charles and Fanny Van, the Four Floods, Nonette, Ed. Morton, and the Dixie Serenaders.

* * *

The Gayety will open for the season on Saturday night with Phil Sheridan's New Marathon Girls as a first offering. A musical comedy entitled "A Run for Your Money," will be presented; and the olio includes the Hula Hula dance and the Hamad Fifteen Arabian Whirlwinds. The theatre has been entirely renovated in preparation for the opening, and the orchestra has been increased to eleven instruments. FIRST NIGHTER.

Nearly all of the 15,000 inhabitants of Marchnenkirchen, Saxony, are engaged in violin making. And it is now nearly half a century since an eminent authority declared that the lower regions were then filled to repletion with violinists.

The Censor at Work

THERE has of late been so much talk about the British Censor and his decisions, that the account given in Public Opinion of his evidence before a Parliamentary Committee should be generally interesting. The Dramatic Censor has the power to prohibit the performance of any plays which are not to his taste, and the decisions of the office have become so preposterous that a Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament has been appointed to inquire into the whole matter.

The present Examiner of Plays is Mr. Redford, and in giving evidence before the Committee he showed us how he played the Censor and how his decisions were made. Mr. Redford said that at one time he was a bank manager, but had had an insight into the duties of his office under his predecessor, Mr. Piggott.

Here are some of the questions put to him and his answers:

You either recommend that a play should be prohibited or modifications made in the play?—Yes.

In what proportion would you impose the prohibition?—During my term of office extending to fourteen years I think there have been forty-three refusals, and out of those at least thirteen or fourteen were reconsidered afterwards and licenses issued.

How many plays have been submitted to you in the fourteen years?—Roughly, 7,000 or so.

Scriptural plays I understand are regarded as ineligible for license?—Yes. I do not even read them. I point out the fact that they are Scriptural and they go back to the person who submitted them.

What is the definition of a religious play?—Anything avowedly adapted or taken from the Scriptures.

Mr. Mason—If a play like "Everyman" had to be submitted, it, on principle, would have to be barred production?—I regard that as a play that comes very much under the same head as Shakespeare. It was discovered in the muniment chest at Ely, I think, or one of the other cathedrals.

It had not to be sent to you?—No, any more than Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's are not submitted; it is assumed that they are licensed.

The Chairman—Is it the case that it was proposed to produce in London the Oberammergau Passion Play?—Yes. That would be about 1897. I saw it stated that Sir Augustus Harris was going to produce the play; I think I wrote and asked him to come and see me. I told him that Mr. Piggott had previously intimated that it would not be allowed, and I was quite sure it would not be allowed then.

What objection do you think there would be in producing a Passion play in London?—Religious feeling would be outraged to see the Crucifixion, for instance, enacted upon a public stage in a theatre.

In "Everyman" the Deity is personified on the stage. Suppose that were done in a modern play, do you think the performance ought to be prohibited?—Every case ought to be considered on its merits. I had not that play before me.

Continuing, the witness said that if a play contained Scriptural characters it would be prohibited unless the parties concerned specially asked that it should be adjudicated on, and then the play would be read and an opinion given with regard to it.

With regard to political allusions, I understand you require home and foreign politics to be excised from plays. How far is that principle carried in practice?—If I see anything in a play which is likely to be embarrassing, such as allusions to foreign Powers or foreign potentates, I very often ask to see the manager, and point it out to him. Occasionally songs contain political references, and they are generally altered after a conference with the manager.

Why are political allusions in a pantomime considered objectionable?—The stage is not a political arena, and it is not considered desirable that important political questions involving perhaps diplomatic relations with foreign Powers should be given.

May it not sometimes be a healthy thing for politicians to be satirized on the stage? (Laughter.)—Personally I do not think so.

You would use your influence to protect them?—Yes—both sides. (Laughter.) As to political personages being represented on the stage, that is distinctly prohibited by a little paragraph at the back of every license, which says "No representation of living persons."

The Chairman—Do you decide a difficult question entirely on your own authority, or do you refer to other persons?—Mostly on my own authority; but any question of importance, any question of politics, would, of course, go to the Lord Chamberlain.

Would you welcome or deprecate any appeal from the decisions of the Lord Chamberlain or yourself from other authority?—I should welcome it very much.

You would be glad to be relieved of the sole responsibility—for in most cases it is the sole responsibility—of adjudicating in these difficult matters?—Yes, but I think it would be absolutely unworkable.

The Chairman—Does every play come before you personally, or is it first examined in your office?—It is entirely a personal matter. It had always been my effort to take the broadest and most liberal view of every subject that came before me—that is, speaking individually; but I am, of course, bound by precedents—the unwritten law.

But what is the unwritten law?—That is precisely what we want to get at.

Mr. Harcourt—It is no part of your duty to give any reason for vetoing a play?—No.

But do you unofficially give such reasons?—Certainly.

You do not have any general opinion or guiding rule of conduct that a play which deals seriously or thoughtfully with moral questions is less harmful than a play which, without positive indecency, rather glorifies loose living? A farcical comedy, say?—That seems to be trenching on the matter of being a critic. I have no critical view of plays. I simply have to maintain a standard.

In the case of foreign plays do you allow a wider latitude?—It has always been the custom to give a good deal of latitude to French plays and the foreign stage generally.

You habitually allow greater latitude?—Yes.

At this stage the witness was asked by Mr. Harcourt if he recalled a certain German play the title of which was given in German.

Mr. Redford—I have no knowledge of German. My wife is a German scholar, and she reads the German plays to me.

So that the protection of the public against any outrageous immorality depends not upon yourself?—It depends upon a knowledge of the play.

Which you derive?—I must derive it from someone.

Colonel Lockwood—You have an interpreter?

Witness—Precisely.

"Why, Johnny! Your little sister is shelling two quarts of peas to your one."

"Well, I told the durn little chump about it, but it didn't do no good."—Cleveland Leader.

"Young man," said the stern parent, "when I was your age I had to work for a living." "Well, sir," answered the frivolously inclined youth, "I'm not to blame for that. I have always disapproved of my grandfather's attitude in the matter."—Washington Star.

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MUSIC

THE personality of a great man is not without interest to most of us if we are permitted to scrutinize the same at close quarters. Probably the impression that is most frequently carried away is one which emphasizes the simple and unaffected nature of the personage with whom, mayhap, we have been placed cheek by jowl for a brief while.

Such, indeed, was the feeling borne away by the writer on several occasions last winter when he not so much had greatness thrust upon him as he was thrust upon greatness in being privileged to sit next at dinner to several musicians of eminence who visited our city, and were banquetted by the Clef Club. The multitude of details which contributed to convey this impression are now naturally somewhat hazy in one's mind, but the idea remains, corroborating the opinion of many others who have studied that natural phenomenon, the Famous Man.

Dr. Henry Coward, Emil Sauer, Josef Lhevinne, Mischa Elman, were the celebrities entertained by the Club; and it might be of interest if one endeavored to recall some of the conversation which then took place.

The Chinese, as quoted by Longfellow in "Hyperion," have a saying which declares that "a single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' study of books." Such deficiencies as will occur in these jottings must not be ascribed to any lack in the man across the table but rather to the shortcomings of the narrator. Whatever details the writer may be able to recall will be necessarily fragmentary, but with the thermometer at ninety one cannot expect memory to work—so to speak—like sixty. And if it should appear that an inclination exists in the succeeding paragraphs to luxuriate in the first person singular, such tendency must be set down to that "principle of ease" which all good grammars allow, especially in the torrid months.

Dr. Henry Coward, like all great men with whom it has been my good fortune to come in contact, proved to be a gentleman of a very approachable and affable disposition, and moreover, a man "of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows." He is evidently a tireless worker, and one who lives a life of very rigid personal habits. He described himself to me as a "non-smoker and non-drinker." I observed that he indulged very sparingly in a fearsome combination of ginger ale and Appollinaris.

When called upon to make a speech, Dr. Coward proved to be less a polished orator than a man with a great wealth of ideas, which seemed to come tumbling out helter-skelter without time for much arrangement or sequence.

Dr. Coward's rise from the lowly position of a mechanic to that honorable one of first chorus-master of England is something to command admiration and respect. A hint of the nature of the temperament which rendered this possible was contained in the story that he told of the country boy who went to sea. This lad lived inland, far from the mighty deep; he had no relatives or ancestors who had followed this calling, no friends engaged in it who might tempt him to that manner of life. What, then, had caused the boy to forsake the country of his birth and the occupations of his forefathers? Nothing more and nothing less than the picture of a ship which hung over the fireplace, on the wall of his mother's cottage. It was the appeal to the imagination which stirred the boy. Dr. Coward is a man in whose life, I should judge, the power of imagination has played an important part. He has followed the gleam; he has been moved by the ecstasy of a "bodiless creation," and by virtue of this fact we find him the man of eminence that he is to-day.

Emil Sauer, I found to be a man of intensely interesting personality. He is the suavest kind of a cosmopolitan, and he astonished his hearers with his idiomatic fluency in the English tongue. When complimented upon this accomplishment he modestly and diplomatically disclaimed any merit for the same by saying that his maternal grandmother was English, therefore he was half English, and therefore half Canadian. The applause was inevitable.

When complimented upon his still more marvelious fluency at the keyboard, Herr Sauer was yet humbler, and described his powers as a "gift from God" for which he was not entitled to any credit. His listeners were completely won by his utter lack of egotism, and his graceful ease of manner and approachableness.

It occurred to me to ask the famous virtuoso what he considered to be essential possessions for a pianist. "Rhythm and tone-color," came the immediate answer. "I do not believe these things can be taught if the pupil has not the instinct for them. I remember," he continued, "one morning, when teaching a certain young man, that he played a passage in faulty rhythm. I asked him to play it again. It was no better. I kept the whole class waiting. I made him play it 120 times." Here the true, nervous temperament of the artist showed forth with a humorous seriousness. "I became excited, picked up a chair, and was tempted to knock him down with it." Herr Sauer also made the following astounding statement: "I have a family of eight children in Germany, and not one of them is musical, for none has the true feeling for rhythm."

MISS ALICE O'BRIEN,
The beautiful young Irish singer from the Opera Comique, Paris, who made a most successful debut at Covent Garden.

Emil Sauer has the most supple hand I ever felt. His long, thin fingers seem to melt together when one grasps them. But listen to the Chopin Polonaise in A flat, and what fingers of steel they seem to be!

Josef Lhevinne is another genius who wins one by his modesty. And this young Russian Jew also lays considerable emphasis on rhythm. Mr. Lhevinne said that the first instrument he learnt to play was the drum. He possesses a picture of himself taken at four years of age in which he stands with his little drum ready for action. Besides developing the sense of rhythm, Lhevinne declared this instrument to be valuable as a means for cultivating delicacy and rapidity of wrist work in piano-playing.

At eight years of age, this artist made his first public appearance as a pianist. "The first time, I played with the music before me; after that, never," he remarked.

Happening to mention to him that I was at that time reading Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," he remarked with enthusiasm upon the greatness of the book, and stated that he had named his little son of two and a half years of age, "Konstantin Levin," after the hero. I asked him if his son showed any signs of a love for music. "Yes," he replied, "he will say 'play loud! play loud!' when I perform for him."

Lhevinne did not care to attempt a speech in English, but he knows enough of that language and also of French and German for the ordinary affairs of life.

The master under whom he developed his magnificent powers as a pianist was Safonoff, than whom he believes there is none better. He remarked, however, that he often jocularly taunted Safonoff upon the fact that he is Cossack by birth.

Mischa Elman was also too diffident about his English to attempt a speech. Although he is advertised as a Russian, I fancy he is a German Jew, for he addressed his father, who travels with him, in German.

Elman, while scarcely more than a boy, has the self-possession of a man. He has played many times before Queen Alexandra, and he remarked upon her great love for music. He evidenced a healthy curiosity regarding Canada, and enquired as to the attitude of Canadians toward the mother country. Were they friendly, were they loyal? These and many other questions argued a bright and alert nature.

He depends upon his father for travelling details, always referring to "Poppa," as he addressed him, for any particulars concerning the tour.

Many other points might be set down here, if memory were—like Barkis—willing. One feature which is perhaps worthy of remark is that all of these noted musicians are below the average in height. This characteristic of virtuosi, which has often been commented upon, is true of a number of other famous artists whom I have met, such as Moritz Rosenthal, Josef Hoffman, Vladimir De Pachmann, and the late Edward MacDowell.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

Although during the last three years the handsome and commodious buildings of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, corner of College street and University avenue, were subjected to elaborate renovation and enlargement, at the present moment similar improvements are under way once more, it having been found that several new studios were necessary in view of the largely increased faculty of instruction. To effect this the caretaker's quarters have been removed from the main building to a most comfortable and home-like structure in the rear, the rooms vacated being neatly panelled in cream and green and in other ways rendered fit and attractive for teaching purposes. Another most welcome innovation will be the furnishing of a special retiring room for ladies, to be chiefly used during concerts and recitals, this room to be situated across the corridor at the entrance from the main building. A reading room downstairs for the use of the male members of the staff is another comfort added, and in all of which are recognized the efforts constantly expended by the indefatigable musical director of this institution to do all in his power to promote the comforts of both students and teachers as well as please the aesthetic sense.

Those who have not yet received a copy of the Conservatory Year Book should apply at once, as the supply is limited. It comes to hand in a unique and pleasing cover, and contains many well-executed illustrations both of views of park and avenue adjacent to the Conservatory, and of several interesting interiors.

The Institution reopens on September 1, and already the office staff are at work attending to the large number of applications received during this month. While the piano and vocal departments usually attract the great mass of students, the organ and violin are also manifestly popular, while special inducements to players of orchestral instruments are held forth this season by the announcement of free scholarships in this department.

It is not likely to be forgotten that the now firmly established Toronto Symphony Orchestra originated within the walls of the Conservatory, and for many years to come the Conservatory will doubtless remain the nucleus of instruction in all branches related to the further development of orchestral playing.

A large number of new names are noticed on the list of the faculty this year, and very important features will be the series of organ recitals, lectures on the organ, and on theory by leading members of the staff. The Brahms Trio, an instrumental organization devoted to the best chamber music, the String Orchestra and the Toronto String Quartette, are nearly all composed of teachers or students attending the Conservatory, and hold their practices in the various smaller halls of the building. Altogether, this enterprising and successful School of Music is well to the fore at the present time, and is looking forward doubtless to another record year.

* * *

Mr. H. M. Fletcher, conductor of the Schubert Choir, has returned from his trip to New York and the East, and gives the following as his impression of the recent Saengerland held in New York city. The concerts were given in the Madison Square Gardens, and the sight of that immense auditorium crowded in every corner with an enthusiastic audience and the singers numbering some seven thousand, the latter placed on a specially erected stage reaching from side to side of the building, was one never to be forgotten. In criticizing the work of the chorus, it is necessary to remember that it was composed of numerous small societies who had studied in their individual home centres under their own conductors, but who at the concerts had to form one large choir, and the greatest majority of them to follow a strange leader. Under the conditions mentioned, it could be hardly expected that the same amount of artistic finish and delicate shading could be produced, as we are in the habit of hearing about in our leading choruses, but apart from that the work was really wonderful, the tonal quality, especially of the male section, being such as the Germans are justly celebrated for. Looking at the vast crowds at each performance, it seems hardly creditable that the event could have proved a financial failure, and yet, unfortunately, such was the case. Some very fine works were produced by the chorus that have never been heard in Toronto, and Mr. Fletcher intends to include them in the programme of the Schubert Choir next season.

Among the numbers that have been decided on for the Schubert Choir next season are solo and chorus from the "Flying Dutchman," Wagner; Mozart's magnificent "Motette, No. 3," for soprano solo and chorus, and "Hail Bright Abode" from "Tannhauser," Wagner, the solo parts to be taken by the great soprano, Mme. J. Jomelli. Mr. Fletcher will also make a special feature of the male chorus next season, and states that there is still room for a few voices in the Schubert Choir, and those wishing to become members should apply at once by card to 137 Cottingham street, or 'phone North 1198.

* * *

Mr. E. W. Schuch, who announces the resumption of his classes on Thursday, September 2, is one of our best known vocal teachers. His experience of twenty-five years in teaching, as well as many years' activity as a singer, choirmaster, and conductor, are factors of great value to his pupils, and his success in placing his pupils in positions of emolument is well known. Mr. Schuch's instruction embraces preparation for church, concert, oratorio, recital and opera in all current languages.

* * *

Miss Louise Burton, the young Chicago soprano, is in the city, the guest of Genevieve Clark Wilson, her former teacher.

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FOR the first time the old lady was about to make a railway journey in England, and when she arrived at the station she did not know what to do.

"Young man," she said to a porter, who looked about as old as Methusalah, "can you tell me where I can get my ticket?"

"Why, mum," he replied, "you get it at the booking office, through the pigeon hole."

Being very stout, she looked at the hole in amazement, and then she burst out in a rage:

"Go away with you! How can I get through there? I ain't no blessed pigeon."

* * *

A PROMINENT English artist whose black-and-white work for the illustrated papers is now generally admired tells a story of his early days when his lines were cast in harder places than at present.

"I was pretty hard up and was obliged to make a living by quick paintings at neighboring country fairs. I remember how on one such occasion I was surrounded by a crowd gazing raptly at my work. I was hurriedly conveying the colors from the tubes to my palette and from thence to the cheap stuff supposed to be canvas, very anxious to get the effect desired and to be through the job, for I was desperately hungry.

"The man nearest me was quite absorbed and he finally exclaimed, 'You're a clever man, sir, painting two pictures at once.' Then after a pause he added, 'But that one you've got your thumb through is better than the other standing on that there little easel.'"

* * *

MRS. GRANT was undoubtedly the disciplinarian in the family, and Mr. Grant, who was a very busy lawyer, was regarded by the two children as one of themselves, subject to the laws of "Mother." But one day Mrs. Grant became very ill, and at luncheon Mr. Grant, who felt that the children were already showing signs of "running wild," felt obliged to reprimand them.

"Gladys," he said, "stop that immediately or I shall have to take you from the table and spank you."

Instead of making the impression he had fondly hoped to do, he saw the two little imps glance in a surprised manner at each other and then simultaneously a grin broke over the faces of both culprits, and Gladys said in a voice of derisive glee:

"Oh, George, hear father trying to talk like mother!"

* * *

A CERTAIN kindly lady evinces great interest in the personal welfare of her servants, an interest which led her not long since to make inquiry of a new maid-of-all-work touching the latter's domestic felicities.

"I understand, Nora," said she, "that you have a model husband."

"Shure, mum, he's the foinest a gyurl could have," was the enthusiastic response. "If ye could see th' way he trates me, mum, ye'd be afther sayin' he were a frind instid of a husband."

* * *

THEY were weighing the new baby, and Ethel was an interested spectator. The weights, all but the four-pound one, were lost. The fond parent of the newly arrived desired it to make a creditable record of weight and began placing on the scales every available article he could find, to be weighed after the baby was removed from the scales. Before this was done, Ethel hastened to the next door neighbor and reported proudly:

"My little new sister weighs four pounds, a bunch of keys, papa's pen knife and an apple."

* * *

THERE resides in Ireland a politician as well known in that vicinity for his wit as for his * embonpoint*. Some time ago he was much disturbed by his increasing avoirdupois and tried many remedies without success. At the instance of a friend he recently took the baths at a well-known hydro, and at the end of two or three weeks he returned in a happy and jocular frame of mind, for he had managed to get rid of quite a good deal of his superfluous flesh.

The day after his return he was on his way to his office when he stopped at the butcher's shop that supplied his household and hurrying inside he asked the butcher to cut for him 20 lbs. of pork.

THE NEW WALL GAME.
The Diner: Shesmah ter me th' furst thing to decide 's whether I'm leanin' against the wall or lyin' on th' pavement! —The Sketch.

The butcher at once complied. The politician looked at the 20 lbs. of meat for a moment or two, then smiled, and proceeded to walk out of the shop.

"Shall I send it at once to the house?" asked the butcher, thinking that his customer had overlooked his usual instructions.

"Not at all, not at all," smilingly exclaimed the politician. "We never eat pork; I have no use for it. The fact is I've fallen off 20 lbs. and I just wanted to get an exact idea of how much it looked like."

* * *

FOUR old Scotchmen, the remnant of a club formed some fifty years ago, were seated around the table in the club room. It was 5 a.m., and Dougal looked across at Donald and said in a thick, sleepy voice:

"Donald, d'ye notice what an awfu' peculiar expression there is on Jock's face?"

"Aye," says Donald, "I notice that; he's deead! He's been deead these four hours."

"What? Dead! Why did ye no tell me?"

"Ah, no—no—no," said Donald, "A'm no that kind o' man to disturb a convivial evening."

* * *

MIKE McGINNIS was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial.

"Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir," replied Mike.

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?"

"Not in this case, your honor," Mike replied.

* * *

IT was a candid and graphic answer given by a London waif to a Salvation Army captain. The zealous officer had asked the boy what work he did to provide him with food, etc., and the reply was:

"I pick strawberries in the summer, I pick hops in the autumn, I pick pockets in the winter and oakum for the rest of the year."

* * *

A LAWYER tells a story in which figures the Hon. H. L. Dawes, a well-known American politician, who, it seems, in his younger days was an indifferent speaker. Shortly after his admission to the bar he had a case which was tried before a North Adams justice of the peace, and Dawes was opposed by a lawyer whose eloquence attracted a large crowd. The justice was perspiring in the crowded room and evidently fast losing his temper. Finally he drew off his coat and, in the midst of the eloquent address, burst out:

"Mr. Attorney, supposing that you take a seat and let Mr. Dawes speak. I want to thin out this crowd."

* * *

WHEN the sailing party of which she had been a member landed on the shores of the lake, rain-soaked and frightened, Mrs. Newrich was the only one who cared to talk.

"It could all have been avoided if that captain had done as I told him," she said, between the chattering of her teeth, as the party stood huddled under a small shelter. "When I saw that cloud coming from that corner of the lake I said to him, 'I think you'd better make straight for home, and not spend any more time tacking'; but he paid no more attention than as if I hadn't spoken!"

* * *

HENNESSEY was being taken home in a wheelbarrow by a faithful friend, one night. This friend was giving Hennessey some good advice, saying:

"There's no use your trying, Jerry, you can't drink all the whisky in the world."

They were passing a brilliantly-lighted distillery at the time, and as Jerry opened his heavy eyes and beheld it, he replied:

"Well, begorrah, I have them workin' nights."

* * *

A COUNTRY minister in the course of his dining out on the circuit came to a house where roast chicken was served for dinner. He had previously encountered a series of corn-beef dinners, and the chicken looked good.

"Well," he remarked, "here's where that chicken enters the ministry!"

"Hope it does better there than in lay work," rejoined the host.

* * *

HE was a very good, high-bred, and thoroughly trained dog that every morning for three years chased a railway train that ran past the farm. The farmer and his wife were watching the persistent but vain pursuit one warm morning.

"I wonder," the wife said, "what makes that foolish dog chase the train so persistently?"

"Never thought about that," replied the farmer, "but I've often wondered what he would do if he caught it."

* * *

WHILE Governor of Tennessee, Senator Robert L. Taylor was once approached by an old negro woman who asked a pardon for her husband, sent to the penitentiary for stealing a hog.

"How long has he been in jail?" was asked.

"Goin' on two years now," came the answer, "but law, he ain't no good to them and wa'n't no good to me nohow, an' I speck they'll be glad to get rid o' him."

"Why do you want to get him out if he was of no use to you?"

"To tell the truth, guv'ner, we done gettin' short o' meat."

* * *

HE was telling the young woman about his fine cows and called her attention to a calf grazing not far away. "That calf is only six weeks old," he said. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"Only six weeks old!" questioned the young lady in amazement, "and walking so soon?"

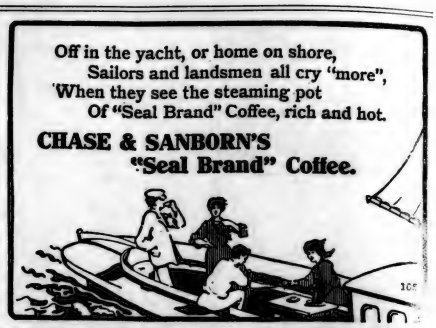
* * *

IT used to be said of the Dutch farmers of Pennsylvania that it was easy to see on what their hearts were placed—their barns were better than their houses, and their cattle received more care than their wives and children.

It must have been a similar condition of affairs in a New England county that prompted the climax of a soldier's speech. A Yankee militia captain, whose company was about to march against an invading enemy, thus depicted the awful consequences of the foe's success:

"Gentlemen, they will lay your towns in ashes, murder your wives and children, and pull down your fences."

THE VOICE OF THE TEMPTER.
The Fond Mother: Come in, Hamish.
Hamish: A will na.
The Fond Mother: Come in.
Hamish: A will na.
The Fond Mother: Come in, an' ye shall have another pot to smash.—The Sketch.



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Sporting Comment

(*Continued from page 13.*)

for its alleged faulty selection of team and mounts, and the cry has arisen for an association of the leading polo clubs as a governing body in its place. Now let us suppose for a moment that the Royal and Ancient had been entrusted with the management of the Amateur Championship and with the annual selection of the green on which the tournament should be played. They would then have been the centre of an annual agitation for the selection of that green, and those who, for various reasons, disagreed with their choice would be sure to abuse the club. In fact, the Premier Club would have become the Aunt Sally of the golfing world, with everyone hurling sticks at her devoted head. I pointed this out at the time, and I, therefore, welcome the occurrence of this polo crisis as enabling me to 'point the moral and adorn the tale.' I am certain that, by the wise compromise arrived at at Muirfield, we escaped a great danger. The French have a wise proverb, which, rendered freely, says that he who embraces too closely is apt to strangle. The Royal and Ancient, as the body which makes the rules of golf, and decides questions arising out of them, has the leading position in golf, but those who endeavor to put it into the position of sole manager of all golfing concerns are not, in my view, true friends of St. Andrews. It is much better that the championships should continue to be managed as they are than that the control should be centralized at St. Andrews."

* * *

ANOTHER foreign victory which is still causing endless discussion in England is the winning of the Grand Challenge Cup by the Belgians for the third time. Although the race took place weeks ago, English papers are still full of articles explaining just how and why it happened. An amusing feature of the explanations is the endeavor to attribute the victory entirely to mechanical advantages. Great stress is laid on the oars and rigging of the Belgian boat, but the part played by the sturdy oarsmen themselves does not receive a corresponding amount of attention. Of course, it is a bitter thing for English oarsmen to have to admit that a crew of business men from a commercial town in a remote corner of a tiny country could beat the very pick of English university men. But at the same time the fact is there. The only thing left is to account for it, and in this matter one may be pardoned for doubting that the mere mechanical contrivances are the sole reason for their victory. At the same time there are mechanical differences between the methods of the Belgians and those of their English competitors, and rowing experts are inclined to devote a great deal of attention to them.

The chief variation seems to be in the length of oar used, that of the Belgians being shorter outboard, and the blade too is shorter and wider. The shorter oar outside of the rigging is supposed by the Belgians to cause less strain on the rowers than a longer oar, and it has the extra advantage that a man can raise the speed of the stroke on shorter notice It is suggested by such an expert as Louis Cobbett that the varsities had better cultivate the Belgian stroke, or at least that they experiment with the rigging, which they will probably find advantageous.

Commenting on the Belgian style he says: "The essential difference between the Belgian rig and our own seems to be that they use a shorter oar—or not so much that the oar is shortened as that the part of it which is beyond the rigger is shortened, the part within the rigging remaining the same as our own. Thus the ratio of the arms of the lever is changed and with it the mechanical advantage when the power is applied. The blade, too, is wider than ours. Other differences of rig are, I believe, unimportant. Now the effect of changing the relative lengths of the parts of an oar in the case of a boat is like that of altering the gearing in the case of a bicycle, the long oar corresponding to the high gear; for by lengthening the outer part of the oar the intensity of the force applied at any moment to drive the boat is sacrificed to increase the distance through which the boat is urged during the time the power is applied; that is, while the blades are in the water.

"The shortening of the outer part of the oar doubtless involves a quicker rate of stroke, and to that extent a change in the style, but I hold that the English style is right and needs but little alteration to adapt itself to the shorter oar, and that the success of the Belgian crew is attributable mainly to their oar rather than to their style. I should much like to see the experiment tried on some of our college boats, if not in the university trials, of putting two crews of as nearly as possible equal merits against one another, one rowing with oars of the usual English dimensions and the other with oars of the Belgian type."

Mr. R. C. Reed, in The Tatler, also takes a hand at explaining the why and wherefore of it all. "It can be demonstrated mathematically," he says, "that the greatest power of propulsion is obtained on a racing shell when the oar makes an exact right angle with the side of the boat, consequently one might expect the greater pace to be acquired by the crew which attains that position quicker and oftener than another. This problem the Belgians have solved for themselves, and with what success we know. Its necessary corollary is a short stroke and absence of swing. Moreover, in order to effect the smooth running of their boat, to prevent its retardation between the strokes, a halt of the briefest duration, scarcely perceptible, is made before coming forward at the end of each stroke. Other characteristics of their style include a tremendously firm and crisp beginning to the stroke and a leg drive of extraordinary power coincident with it. This latter, continued throughout the length of the stroke, until in fact the innermost extremity of the oar is driven home well into the chest, gives them that hard beginning which assists so materially the recovery of their bodies."

The London Times, however, takes a very different view of the whole problem. It says: "There will, of course, be talk in certain quarters of the superiority of Belgian style, but attempts to imitate that style have been remarkably unsuccessful. This was conspicuously shown at Henley when Thames, the avowed exponents of "Belgianism" in this country, failed even to make the semblance of a race against Magdalen College, Oxford, whose crew rowed in true English form. It is very difficult to emulate the powerful drive of the Belgians, or to acquire their sharpness of wrist-work; it is fatally easy to imitate their shortness of swing, which has nothing to do with their pace. There is little doubt that they would be a faster crew if they rowed longer. Moreover, there is nothing to show that in their present style they could win the Grand Challenge Cup against crews of better than average quality. However ungracious it must sound, it must be pointed out that there was a distinct element of luck in their victory, but it must be added that they are probably the most popular visitors we have ever had at Henley. Their victories began when English rowing was inclined to fall into the "no beginning and dragged-out finish" style. They have knocked that theory on the head and if we can avoid the other extreme of imitating their shortness of stroke their example will have gone far to re-vitalize our own rowing.

Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. "Tay Pay" O'Connor, the famous M.P. and editor, and Mr. Masterman on their way to Westminster Cathedral for the requiem mass for the late Lord Ripon.

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She—She told me you told her that secret I told you not to tell her. He—The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her. She—I promised her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I told you.—Boston Herald.

He—Well, if you want to know it, I married you for your money. She—I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for.—Kansas City Journal.

The Discoverer of Anæsthetics.

ONE of the heroes of the world of medicine whose name deserves to be written in letters of gold on the scroll of its famous men, but which, strange to say, rarely receives so much as honorable mention by the modern medical historian, was a modest country doctor who passed to his reward in the year 1879, says a writer in The National Magazine. Crawford W. Long was his name, and Athens, Georgia, his home. Dr. Long had a natural aptitude for surgery, but, practicing at a period when surgical operations were barbarously torturesome because the use of anæsthetics was unknown, he often hesitated to apply the knife, and cause the physical agony that necessarily followed its use.

Distressed by the awful suffering he had often to witness as well as to inflict, his quickened sympathies led him in a persistent quest of some method of rendering a patient oblivious to the torture of a surgeon's knife and thus grant to future generations immunity from the suffering their forbears were compelled to endure. As early as 1841, Dr. Long became convinced that the inhalation of sulphuric ether gave the solution to his long-pondered problem, but uncertain and fearful as to the effect of complete anæsthesia produced by this method, he proceeded with such caution that it was not until March of the following year that he was ready to give it a practical test. The man upon whom this test was made, one James Venable, was afflicted with two tumorous growths of the neck. One of these growths, on March 20, Dr. Long removed after his patient had been reduced to a state of complete unconsciousness by the inhalation of sulphuric ether, and the result was so satisfactory that, a few weeks later, he undertook the removal of the other. The second operation proving as successful as the first, then, and not until then, did Dr. Long modestly make known to the other practitioners of his town the wonders of painless surgery. They freely accorded to him the honor he deserved, but the world was not looking for great things to emanate from a country doctor, and consequently, when shrewd New England surgeons later conducted similar experiments at Boston, they had but slight difficulty in securing the glory that rightfully belonged to the humble Southerner.

Wrapped in his dressing-gown and with feet incased in slippers, Franz Liszt was sitting comfortably one evening in his arm-chair, ready for work and inviting inspiration. On the floor above, in the apartments of a banker, a noisy musical soiree was in progress. Polonaises had succeeded waltzes, and nocturnes had followed polonaises, when suddenly the door of the salon opened, and Liszt entered, still wrapped in his dressing-gown. The astonishment of the company may be imagined. With slow steps Liszt walked toward the piano, and the young key-pounder who was sitting at it quickly left his place. Liszt sat down at the instrument, carelessly swept his fingers over the keys as if to prelude, and then, suddenly, he shut down the cover and put the key in his pocket. And immediately, with the same tranquil air with which he had entered, he went out and returned to his room, where he could work at his ease.

Herr Hager, a rich and influential Berlin banker, frequently had watches picked from his pocket. At first he had recourse to all kinds of safety chains; then one morning he took no precaution whatever, and quietly allowed himself to be robbed. At night, on returning from his business, he took up the evening paper; he uttered an exclamation of delight. A watch had exploded in a man's hands. The victim's hands were shattered and the left eye destroyed. The crafty banker had filled the watch case with dynamite, which exploded in the operation of winding.

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Niagara on the Lake ::

THE dance at the Queen's Royal on Saturday evening was a very brilliant affair. Many beautiful gowns were worn, a partial list of which may be given: Mrs. Byran Hostetter, handsome black lace gown with large picture hat; Mrs. Johnston, pretty blue gown; Mrs. Ewart Osborne, black and white striped silk; Miss May Sutton, pretty white gown with pink ribbon in hair; Miss G. Foy, lovely Parisian gown; Miss Louise Ford, pale blue; Miss Beatrice Webster, blue chiffon with satin bands; Miss Gladys Edwards, a very becoming black gown; Miss Sarah Lancing, white crepe with silver trimmings; Mrs. Charles Godfrey, handsome white satin gown; Miss Patti Warren, lovely white lingerie gown; Miss Violet Edwards, mauve and white striped net; Mrs. Barnard, pretty white gown; Miss Jessie Thompson, pretty pale blue dress; Miss Edith Heward, pale blue with lace insertions and picture hat; Mrs. Suydam, dainty blue gown; Miss Miller, pink gown; Mrs. Thompson, black lace gown; Miss Ruth Fuller, dainty white lace gown; Miss Bell, pretty yellow gown; Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, becoming black gown; Miss Watson, pink gown. Some of the men noticed were: Mr. Frank Arnoldi, K.C.; Mr. Johnston, Mr. Suydam, Mr. Barnard, Mr. Bell, Captain Young, Mr. Silverthorne, Mr. Heward, Mr. Grey, Mr. Cole, Mr. Russell, Mr. Ball, Mr. Ince, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Warren, Mr. Greiner, and others.

During the tennis tournament a "barn dance," a smoker, and the very popular confetti ball will enliven the evenings, as well as the usual impromptu dances which are always the order of the jolliest weeks of the season.

Mr. G. A. Flyne, who has been spending a few days in town, has returned to Montreal.

A mixed foursome was played at the Niagara Golf Club, Saturday afternoon, for prizes kindly given by Mrs. McGaw. Twenty players started out. The first prizes were won by Mrs. Greiner and Mr. Charles Hunter, while Mrs. Hunter and Mr. Hostetter carried off the second prizes. Tea was served on the clubhouse lawn, Mrs. Dick McGaw, Toronto, presiding. Miss Gordon and Miss Agnes McGaw received the guests. A few of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff, Mr. and Mrs. Greiner, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Hostetter, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Lillian Anderson, Mrs. Ogilvie, Miss Ogilvie, Miss Garrett, Miss Fell, Miss Carnochan, Miss Geddes, Miss S. Lancing, Mrs. Gearey, Mrs. Lewis, Miss Grant, the Misses Wynn, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Eckersley, Messrs. E. S. Ball, J. H. Burns, A. Colquhoun, H. A. Drummond, G. N. Bernard, Dr. Johnson and others.

The ladies of the Rosedale Golf Club played the ladies of the Queen's Royal last week, the match ending in a victory for Rosedale.

Mrs. Gwynne and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, of Ottawa, are at the Queen's Royal, also Mrs. Fuller and Miss Ruth Fuller.

Mrs. Geale entertained at bridge in honor of her sister, Mrs. Howells, of Buffalo, many coming in for tea afterwards.

Mrs. Charles Godfrey, Atlanta, Ga., arrived in town last week, and is among the guests at the Queen's Royal.

Miss Lucy Maclean Howard is in town, the guest of Mrs. Frank Arnoldi.

Mrs. Ewart Osborne, who has become an enthusiastic devotee of golf since her arrival, was the lucky winner of a beautiful cup and saucer given by Mrs. Barnard.

Miss May Sutton, tennis champion of the world, has written that she leaves Pasadena en route for Niagara, where she will stay at the Queen's Royal in readiness for the International tournament on the week of August 23, when she will be the centre attraction, her match with Mrs. Hannam being looked forward to with great interest.

Mrs. Innis Taylor has taken a cottage in town for the season, and her solo at St. Mark's church last Sunday was a great addition to the service.

The Niagara Golf Club opened last Wednesday, the links being in very good condition. The fifteenth annual tournament will be held on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of this month. Many of the prominent players of Canada and the United States are expected. The tournament promises to be one of the most successful ever held on the Fort George links.

The annual fancy dress ball for young people has been settled for the 19th of August, and is assured of its usual success, the children being already drilled for the grand march and many costumes being under way.

Mrs. A. P. Burritt is among the latest Toronto arrivals at the Queen's Royal, and is accompanied by her pretty baby, Mr. Burritt coming over for the week-end. Mrs. Stikeman is another welcome addition to the Toronto party, and is proving a great acquisition to the golf team, which has been very busy this week.

Mr. R. Grey Hamilton and Mr. A. D. Russell spent the week-end in town.

Mr. and Mrs. James Curry and Miss Irene Curry, who have been spending some weeks at the Queen's Royal, left this week for Saratoga, and are being very much missed by their many Niagara friends.

MARCELL.

JOHN B. HERRESHOFF, the blind yacht-builder, of Bristol, Rhode Island, was a guest at a large party in Bristol when the hostess was proudly displaying a cabinet just received from an antique shop in New York and bought for seven hundred dollars as a product of the year 1710.

It was observed by one of the other guests that Herreshoff alone refrained from favorable comment, although the old man had examined the cabinet by his delicate touch. Finding an opportunity, the man approached Herreshoff and asked him the reason for his silence. Herreshoff chuckled.

"I'll let you into a secret, if you don't breathe a word of it to the good Mrs. B——," he said.

The promise having been given, Herreshoff led the way with his unerring directness to the cabinet, and, extracting a drawer, he ran the tips of his fingers lightly over the bottom and chuckled again:

"Circular saws in 1710? Poor Mrs. B——!"

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Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

ELLSWORTH—On Aug. 14th, at 1 Gibson Ave., to Mr. and Mrs. Albert LeRay Ellsworth, a son.

YOUNG—At 1980 East Queen Street, to Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Young, a daughter.

FOX—At Lindsay, Ont., on Saturday, August 14, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fox, of Toronto, a son.

MARRIAGES.

MALLINSON-HOSKIN—At Toronto, on Aug. 18th, Archibald Mallinson, of Regina, to Minnie Florence Louise, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hoskin, Toronto.

DEATHS.

ROGERS—On Tuesday, August 17, 1909, at Go-Home Bay, Georgian Bay, Mary, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Rogers.

LAUSSIE—At St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, on August 18, 1909, Very Rev. Vicar-General Laussie.

MASON—At her father's residence, 43 Queen's Park, Toronto, on Wednesday, August 18, 1909, Alice, dearly beloved daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. James Mason.

SOCIETY

THE engagement is announced in Ottawa of Miss Ethel Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jones, to Mr. W. Gordon Richardson, second son of the Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Richardson, of London, Ont.

Dr. and Mrs. L. F. Millar and their son, Hartney, of Dale avenue, Rosedale, are spending August at Marblehead Neck, Mass.

Mr. Featherston Aylesworth and Mr. T. M. Brown, Toronto, are at the Royal Muskoka.

Mrs. McParland, of Hooper avenue, Centre Island, was the hostess of a small tea during the week. Those present were Mrs. Dyas, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. Rutledge, Mrs. Billingham, Mrs. Rough, Mrs. Copping, Mrs. Lugsdin, Mrs. Rust, and Mrs. Mulligan.

Guests at The Royal Muskoka Hotel are Mr. Stanley S. Thompson, Mr. N. B. Gash, Mr. W. Parkyn Murray, Mr. W. B. Maclean, Mr. D. L. Casley, Mr. T. W. Anderson, Mr. R. B. Cowan, Captain Cecil A. Gibson, Miss M. Cecil Gibson, Mr. A. M. Cecil Gibson and Miss J. G. Howse, Mr. R. L. Kleiser.

Dr. and Mrs. Emory, with their children, have returned to town after spending the most of the season in their summer cottage at Orchard Beach.

Mrs. Chas. E. Frost is visiting her sister, Mrs. (Capt.) Fraser at "The Highlands," Huntsville.

Mrs. James Pringle is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Sutherland, in Cobourg.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Brasier have returned home from their trip to Winnipeg and Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. Croft, of Parkdale, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Wynona Grace (Nona), to Hector Morrison McNeil, M.D., of Latchford, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McNeil, South Parkdale, the marriage to take place early in September.

Nova Scotia as a Sporting Resort

NOVA SCOTIA is a sporting paradise, but few hunters and fishermen outside the province are aware of its resources in this regard. In order to make its sporting advantages more widely known, a "Sporting Guide to Nova Scotia" has just been published under the authority of the Maritime Board of Trade, and the preface assures us that an endeavor has been made to exclude every statement that does not express the exact truth. It contains a great deal of most useful information as to the sport to be had in the province.

The great advantages of the province are summed up as follows: Abundance of game and fish; unrivalled facilities for camping and canoeing; accessibility and cheapness. With regard to game, the moose, the greatest of the deer family, was killed in thirteen out of the fourteen counties of the mainland last year, and moreover the species is steadily increasing in numbers. Woodcock shooting is well known, and the partridge was killed last year in unprecedented numbers. Ducks and geese are abundant in some districts, and bear and wildcat are plentiful. Then, as to fishing, in no country in the world are trout more plentiful or "gamey," and there is good salmon fishing.

As to climate, it is pointed out that extremes in temperature may be said hardly to exist, while a day so hot as to entail actual discomfort is a thing of the greatest rarity in the sporting districts.

And added to all this are the rich historical and literary associations of the province—the wild tales that cluster about the head of old Blomidon and the phantom chief Gluscap, the sad and sweet memories of Evangeline and the pleasant land of Grand Pre, the beauties of Digby and the Annapolis Valley's "sea of blossoms," and the splendors of Baddeck and Bras d'Or, the reminiscences of Shelburne, where the United Empire loyalists, forsaking their loved homes in the States, planted a new and fleeting colony for the sake of George the King, and the melancholy and eloquent ruins of Louisburg.

It should be pointed out that in the province the law does not allow a non-resident to "hunt any game, or enter any forest or other place for the purpose of hunting, fishing, or camping, without being accompanied by a guide holding an unexpired guide's license." The law is not generally interpreted as preventing visitors from going out alone for a day's fishing, but they may not camp for a night without employing a guide—not only a guide, but a licensed guide.

The two great game fishes of Nova Scotia are, as has been already stated, the Atlantic salmon and the speckled or brook trout. Many conditions combine to make the province an ideal trout-fishing country, such as the extensive waterways and literally innumerable lakes, the uniform coolness of the water combined with the richness in insect life, and the fact that, though in former times cruelly maltreated by the lumbermen, the forests to a very great extent still stand, thus preserving the water supply, which experience shows must decrease and even disappear with the cutting down of the trees. As the guide-book points out, it would be difficult to find a country hotel in the province near which some good trout-brook or lake cannot be found; in fact, it is always possible to live at a regular country boarding-place and still get all the fishing wanted without spending a night in the woods. But it nevertheless remains true that the farther from the regular haunts of men you go, the better will the fishing be. The ideal trip, especially for a city man who needs a complete change from his usual comparatively cooped-up method of life, is made by taking a canoe and a guide and starting out on one, two or even three weeks' journey through some famed trout-waters. Such a trip can, in Nova Scotia, often be made in an irregular circle, or at least semicircle, returning nearly to the point of departure.

The season for moose extends from Sept. 16 to Nov. 16, and they are hunted in two ways—"calling" and "still-hunting." "Calling" is the method practically exclusively adopted in the mating time, which lasts from the first week in September to Oct. 20. It consists in luring the bull-mooose within rifle-shot by means of imitating, through a speaking-horn of birch-bark, the call, or low, of the cow, or sometimes, though much seldomer, the challenge of a rival bull. This can be done only in absolutely calm weather, since the bull, which trusts for its safety to its abnormal sense of smell, will otherwise infallibly go to leeward of the hunter, get his scent, and then, of course, retire without showing itself.

Bruin's representative in Nova Scotia is the black bear, a large specimen of which will weigh up to about 400 lbs. The only practical way to hunt them systematically is by means of a good bear-hound, which tracks them to their dens.

As regards game-bird shooting, the three classes of wild fowl, forest birds, and shore birds or waders are well represented. They comprise wild ducks, geese, ruffled grouse (partridge), woodcock, snipe, plover, yellowlegs, sandpiper, curlew, and others.

MUSIC

The feast of delightful first impressions to which we shall be bidden when Dr. Wuellner comes to Toronto next winter is bound to be a royal one. The following criticism, which appeared after his opening recital in New York, gives one an imaginary foretaste of the banquet to come:

A large audience of critical music lovers listened yesterday afternoon in rapt attention to the singing of Dr. Ludwig Wuellner, who made his first appearance in America; and whenever the pauses between his songs lifted the veil of enchantment that his extraordinary art wove about the senses, the crowd broke forth into applause such as seldom has been heard in Mendelssohn Hall. At times the turmoil of handclapping and shouting reminded one of Caruso nights in the Metropolitan. But this was not applause that came from sensational excitement; it was the kind of approval that springs straight from the heart.

Dr. Wuellner is a striking figure. Once seen he cannot be forgotten. Tall, slender, strong, his smooth-shaven face surmounted by fluffy hair of a sandy-blond color, he presents in his dark frock coat a picture that would attract attention anywhere. His oldish-young face in itself is unusual. It is the face of an actor, a preacher or an orator. It is not beautiful; the mouth is too large, the chin perhaps too heavy, but the face is decidedly attractive. In fact, Dr. Wuellner exerts a strangely magnetic effect when he turns eyes, previously kept half closed, full upon his auditors with an expression of terrible intensity.

What shall we say of Dr. Wuellner as a singer? The plain truth is that he is one of the most wonderful interpreters of the German lied ever heard in this city. "But," asks the skeptic, "how can he be that if he has no voice, as reports from abroad have led us to believe?" Well, the reports from abroad were exaggerated, which perhaps was fortunate for Wuellner. His voice has little sensuous beauty, unless it be in his deep register, but if it is dry in timbre, it is never disagreeable to the ear, and it has an extraordinary range.

Listen to Wuellner's singing of Schubert's "Der Wanderer," which opened his programme yesterday, and you have the impression that he is a bass. Pay closer attention to his work and you make up your mind he is a deep baritone. But what are you to say when he sings Strauss's "Caecilie," with a high A flat in the final phrase, a note that belongs to the range of a high baritone or tenor? An extraordinary voice is this of Wuellner's, not beautiful, not ugly, but of great range and adaptability, and a remarkable servant to the singer's interpretative demands.

Seldom have we heard any man with so wide and absolute a command of tnat emotional expression which can be communicated through the intermingling of tone, word and the limited histrionic symbols which good taste permits in recital. His art is so deeply significant, so filled with details of meaning, that much of it escapes appreciation at first hearing.

* * *

The Toronto Conservatory of Music has completed arrangements for one of their primary branches at 14 St. Clair avenue east, Deer Park, and which promises to be a great convenience to the children of that locality desirous of studying the piano and other branches of music in the elementary grades. The teaching there will commence with the opening of the regular fall term, September 1.

* * *

During the coming musical season a memorable performance of Handel's "Messiah" will be given by the Toronto and West Toronto Festival Chorus and Orchestra, with eminent soloists, under the direction of Dr. F. H. Torrington. With the combined choruses a fine body of singers will be brought together. Rehearsals will begin about September 14. Applications for membership are now being received, and Dr. Torrington extends an invitation to all who have ever taken part in "The Messiah" to join the chorus. Send applications to the secretary, J. T. Tilley, 30 Shuter street.

Bell Pianos

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Dr. Hale's Love of a Joke.

AN old friend of the late Dr. Edward Everett Hale contributes several characteristic stories to the flood of reminiscence which has followed the great preacher's death. One of them has to do with a practical joke which he played while still comparatively a youngster on some girls who were members of the party with whom he was summering on the Massachusetts coast.

All these girls were reading the same exciting novel, and one day at dinner it was a leading topic. Knowing that none of them had finished it Hale, unknown to them, carried it away with him the next morning when he went to the city. On the train he wrote an absurd conclusion to the novel, laying the final scene at the summer resort.

Carrying this bogus conclusion to a publisher, a friend of his, he had it put in type and then carefully removing the bona fide conclusion he pasted in his own. On his return he placed the book on the piazza, and waited. The look which spread over a girl's face as she read that last chapter was, Dr. Hale declared, worth going far to see.

"Dr. Hale was preeminently a man who practised what he preached," his friend writes in The Woman's Home Companion. "He was constantly following the last of his four famous admonitions and lending a hand himself—his own hand. Once on a time his travels brought him to a town where a friend of his was editing a daily newspaper.

"When he called on him this friend unfolded a tale of woe. His wife was seriously ill; she had gone into the country believing that a change of air would do her good. She was pining for her husband, and he was pining for her, but he had no assistant, so if he took a vacation the paper must stop. Hale listened and returning to his hotel sat down at his desk.

"Before he got up he had written with that ready pen of his enough articles on topics of contemporaneous interest to fill his friend's editorial columns for a week. Returning to the sanctum he threw his copy on the editorial desk with the remark, 'There, now you can go and visit your wife!'"

"Are you indeed a really and truly fairy?" asked the little girl. "Yes, I am a fairy. I live here in the woods, but nobody but good children ever sees me." "But how do you fix people so they can't see you?" "I lend them money."

The Stolen Signal-Book

(*Continued from page 9.*)

see me return to the ship that evening, for my talk with the Devonport man occurred after my daily visit to the vessel. I asked whether the musical name of Gubbins adorned the ship's books? He answered in the negative. There was no Gubbins; never had been a Gubbins; was no immediate probability there would ever be a Gubbins—what was I going to drink?

And as Hallam busied himself with the lighting of a fresh pipe of tobacco, I filled up the vacancy by suggesting that the non-existence of the name of Gubbins on the ship's books was rather disappointing, in view of the theory he had probably formed.

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "There was a chance that the name might be there. As a matter of detail, I went through the process of inquiry, but I should have been surprised to learn that any Gubbins was on the books."

"Why so?"

"Because the old man—the Gubbins at the head of the family—was shady, and, as a longshoreman, far too well known to seafarers generally. A young fellow with a father like that, on entering the navy would call himself by any other name in preference. He wouldn't want to be asked if he was any relation to old Gubbins of Devonport. No; I was not surprised, nor was I discouraged. For I felt that the rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and that here was a likely and promising vein to work, while there seemed to be no vestige of a chance in any other direction. Never mind the name; but—was there a genuine Gubbins on board?

It was great to see Hallam's deep satisfaction as he imbibed the nectar, preparatory to his last and final spell of narrative. I asked him whether he had thought of inquiring into the antecedents of everybody on board with a view to tracing a Gubbins on the 'Pelion.' How heartily he laughed at this luminous suggestion!

When he had partially recovered from his unusually severe attack of hilarity, he resumed:

"Not having the resources of the Empire at my sole disposal, nor yet the space of ten years to spare for the inquiry, I had to try a shorter method. First, I failed to connect the known Gubbins with anyone on the ship. None of the 'Pelion's crew had been seen with him; nor was it known that he had held any communication with the 'Pelion,' while it was certain he had never been aboard. The most rigid investigation in this direction left us without any result. No matter, when baulked on one line of march, I try another; if a frontal attack fails to come off I try a flanking movement; if that won't work I try the other flank, if beaten again I recommence. My motto is that of the nigger minstrel, I 'neber gib up.'

"I took a fancy to the sea, and indulged in a regular daily row—with Gubbins, 'Lucy' remaining on shore, with an eye on the interesting Thomson. My boatman was taciturn, also shrewd and suspicious; the greatest care was needed. From the keen, quick glances he threw upon me, I saw that here was a very alert and practical rogue, and one who suspected everybody, and therefore might even suspect the good faith of the Rev. John Cartmail, a person who really existed, and who, as a near relative of my own, had no objection to my using his name. If anyone had looked me up in 'Crockford' they would have found that I held a parish among the Cree Indians, while I could have proved, if needful, that I was absent from my mission on leave. I mention these details to give you a further proof of the thoroughness at which I always aim. The best-laid schemes of mice and men will gang awry without proper attention to detail. Imagine me, then, with Gubbins. And as he hardly spoke, and the smallest attempt at eliciting information would have been fatal, it at first seemed that I lost time, though I gained health by this daily boating. Of course, I never mentioned Thomson, nor did I succeed by the subtlest methods I could devise, in extracting a single allusion to his afternoon customer. The work was delicate, difficult, and at best uncertain. It was like fishing for trout off London Bridge with a bent pin, no bait and a fleet of barges on the water.

"The one thing that troubled me most, and aroused doubt as to whether my hunt was not after a will-'o-the-wisp, was this,—if Thomson were really a member of the French Secret Service, and implicated in the loss of the Signal-Book, why did he continue to hang about Plymouth and Devonport? The Book was clean gone, and, if my surmises were well founded, Thomson ought to have gone with it. But, I argued, a confederate might have taken charge of the Book, while Thomson remained on further business. Assuming the latter supposition to be well founded, the watching of Thomson and his supposed accomplice Gubbins would not be altogether lost time. Meanwhile, I studied Gubbins from a physical point of view until I knew the turn of his eye, the set o' his neck, the swing of his limbs, the contour of his jaw, and, in short, the most minute peculiarities of his personal appearance."

Here I said that the why and the wherefore of all this did not strike me; perhaps I was dull, but surely much less observation would have sufficed for identification, supposing this to be the object in view.

"Bother identification; you just blow your weed and bide your time. Don't be impatient, dear boy. You know something of the force of heredity, I suppose?"

I said that the subject was now regarded as of the first importance.

"Recent research has proved to demonstration the immense influence of heredity in determining, not only physical traits, but also mental predispositions. We have long known that consumptive parents are likely to have consumptive children, and that the children of a drunken father are more likely than others to be lost through drink. We now know that the children of thieves are likely to have an ingrained inclination to theft, even though removed in infancy from their evil surroundings, and the greatest German scientists go so far as to declare that faith and belief in superstitions are also hereditary. When I had studied my Gubbins sufficiently, I took my research aboard the 'Pelion.'"

"My dear Hallam," I said, "your drift is quite obvious to the meanest intellect."

Hallam waved his cherry-wood stem as though intimating that we had arrived at a perfect understanding.

"The first day sufficed; the contour of the lower jaw-blade decided me; the man who wore it was a fine fellow physically, but not much liked by his comrades. In other physical characteristics he probably took after the mother, but the Gubbins jaw-bone was enough for me. The Commander knew him as William Gibbons! Gubbins and Gibbons, eh? As the children say, we were getting hot! I asked the Commander whether he had a private cabin where I could rub my hands and smile at my ease. Then, with the Commander's assistance, I set a wee little trap.

"Gibbons was set to some kind of work at his post, and as the Commander and I walked past the spot, I said, as though in the course of conversation, 'The real name was Gubbins, I understand.' The start that William Gibbons gave was sufficient, without the inquiring look with which he followed me. Unknown to himself, William Gibbons was from that moment under the closest scrutiny. After this, to discover that on the day on which the Signal-Book was lost, Gibbons had been engaged below, in the vicinity of the Commander's cabin, was not surprising. No doubt others were also there, but what made his case more interesting to me were the facts that his name of Gibbons so closely resembled the name of Gubbins, that his jaw-bone resembled the jaw-bone of Gubbins, and that the latter was in constant communication with a person who called himself Thomson, yet whose native tongue was French, and who did not belong to Liverpool, as he claimed.

"At this juncture I determined on a change of plan, and after a touching farewell to my relative commanding the 'Pelion,' 'Lucy' and I departed in peace, regretted by all, especially the susceptible lieutenants. We were back in Devonport the same day in the character of tourists from Derbyshire. Dressed in quiet tweeds we did honour to our county. I was W. J. Thomas, Esq., 'Lucy' was my eldest boy 'Tom.' We put up at the hotel favoured by Mr. W. J. Thomson. Our names were much alike, weren't they?"

There was no denying the resemblance of the names.

"Such things lead to mistakes, you know. Now I had observed that for the last three days Gubbins and Thomson had not met; it seemed as though they had broken off diplomatic relations. Further, Gubbins had been prowling round the hotel, which he eyed as though watching for someone to emerge, and there could be no doubt that he looked hard at the windows of the rooms occupied by Thomson. Was Gubbins merely on the lookout for further employment, and if so, why did he not walk into the hotel and ask for Thomson at once? Why this caution, and above all, why this sudden severance of a pair whose intimacy, having regard to the difference in social status, was surprising? And the gesticulation noticed through the telescope, what of that? What was the cause of so much earnestness? Amid all this conjecture experience told me one certainty. If Gubbins wished to communicate with Thomson, and the latter held off, Gubbins would write. How my dear boy watched the T compartment in the hotel letter-rack! T, you will perceive, stands for Thomas and also for Thomson, while the initials of our Christian names were the same.

"Thomson seemed to have little correspondence, but now and then a letter arrived, and sure enough each bore the Liverpool post-mark. But the contents interested me most, for you will be pained to learn that my boy was rather careless, and frequently brought Thomson's letters to my room, where they were examined without our leaving any perceptible trace of the operation—and promptly returned to the rack. If, during their temporary loan they had been missed, the similarity of the names was sufficient explanation. But this did not

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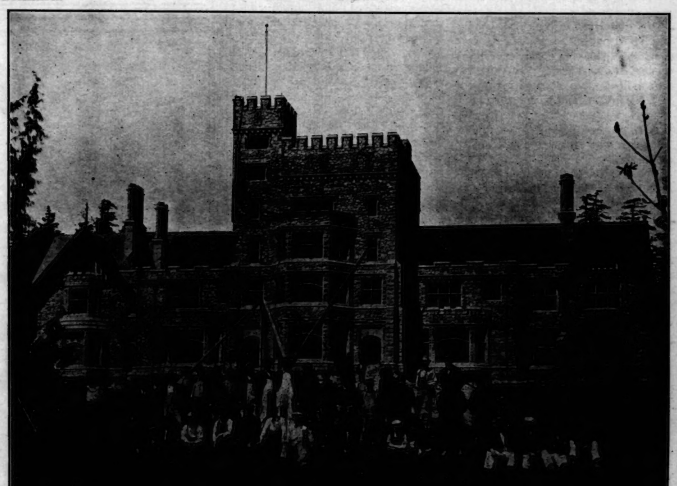

"DUNSMUIR" CASTLE, VANCOUVER, B.C.—This view shows the home of the Dunsmuir family in Vancouver, now nearing completion. It is said to be the largest private dwelling on the Pacific Coast north of San Francisco. It is heated by Canadian Steam Boilers and "Sovereign Radiators, made by The Taylor-Forbes Company, Limited, Guelph. Toronto Office and Show Rooms, 1088 King Street West.

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About Baked Beans and Summer Heat

A woman might be doing the right thing to work in a hot kitchen over a hot oven baking beans if better baked beans could not be got elsewhere.

The fact is, that CHATEAU BRAND BAKED Beans are better cooked, more appetizing and more digestible than any home baked beans can possibly be.

Chateau Brand Baked Beans are steam cooked at a very high temperature, so that each bean is cooked whole and unbroken and every particle thoroughly baked.

Chateau Brand Baked Beans have a rich nutty flavor, they are mealy not mushy. They tempt the uncertain appetite and satisfy hunger.

At your grocer—10c., 15c., and 20c. a tin.

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SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH **COFFEE ESSENCE**
PURE AND DELICIOUS.
Made in a moment. No waste. No trouble. Of all Grocers.

Some daily care your Teeth must have.
BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder
the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.
The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleansing, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition.

happen, and my boy and I simply waited for the denouement. The letters were in French; they came from a Liverpool agent of the French Secret Service who worked in collusion with Thomson, and they amply confirmed my theories. But the mystery of Thomson's continued stay was explained. Gubbins had the Signal-Book, and was standing out for a thousand against five hundred pounds offered by Thomson. Hence the coolness between them. The Book was in the hands of Gubbins. Should we arrest him, or wait? We decided to wait, and our decision proved sound.

"By one of the letters from Liverpool Thomson was authorised to close with Gubbins at once, and to get across the channel in a yacht that would stand off Plymouth harbour to pick him up at a stated time. Of course the young fellow (he turned out to be an officer in the French navy, detailed on special service) was in high spirits, and immediately put himself in communication with Gubbins. Swaggering to the quay, he took a boat as before, and the pair set off over the briny, while 'Tom' and I, from different strategic situations, watched them through excellent telescopes. The voyage was not long; the terms, time and place of meeting, were evidently agreed. This was an anxious time. There was no knowing what course events might take, and I wired to London for my other assistant, Upton.

"He was down in a jiffy, and, also as a tourist, watched at Plymouth for the French yacht, which duly arrived, and which bore the name of 'L'Espoir,' which means 'Hope.' Ha! ha! After that we had only to watch Thomson. At midnight, and on Sunday too, this enterprising personage left the hotel, his luggage having been sent to Calais beforehand, without the Signal-Book, as *we* had good reason to know. He made for the jetty, Upton, 'Tom' and yours truly on his track. The night was very dark, and there was a strong breeze. Gubbins awaited him in the boat which was to bear him and his precious charge to the yacht, which showed a red light at the mast-head a mile away. The treacherous 'long-shoeman,' having greeted 'Thomson,' entered the boat and proceeded to light a lantern. We crept nearer and nearer in the darkness. 'Tom,' well in front. It was now or never. 'Have you got the cash?' Gubbins inquired, and Thomson, answering in low tones, Gubbins held up the lantern as though to light the final act of the transaction before rowing to the yacht. With a spring 'Tom' bounded from the quay into the boat, alighting on the lantern, Upton and I jumping after with more precaution, and so as to avoid capsizing. For two minutes the affair was lively, but our arrangements were complete. The police were at hand to support our first charge, and the lost Signal-Book was rescued from the grip of Gubbins and borne in triumph to my hotel."

"Did you ever learn," I asked, how the Book was stolen and got out of the ship?"

"Never. But we identified Gibbons as the son of Gubbins, and though no evidence that the two had communicated transpired, Her Majesty decided to get along in future without the valuable services of William Gibbons. As for Gubbins his fate was settled by an unlucky crack of the skull received in the struggle from the baton of a policeman. Meningitis set in, and he died in hospital. Mr. Thomson was detained for two days, and then set at liberty for reasons best known to the diplomatists. Thank goodness that so much courtesy exists, otherwise I might now be chained for life in a Russian fortress, or amusing myself in the lead mines of Siberia. When the Commander of the 'Pelion' saw the Signal-Book lying on my bedroom table in charge of Upton and 'my boy Tom,' he actually cried; though hardly anything else in the whole world would have moved him. A model commander, a splendid fellow, and an honour to the navy. And I tell you that the recovery of that shabby old book fetched him to such an extent that he stood and choked and never spoke a word, while Upton, 'Tom,' and I talked together and pretended we didn't notice it."

ONE of the most remarkable menus ever drawn up must have been that of the feast to which Franklin, Lavoisier, and other distinguished men sat as guests of Parmentier. Every dish at this banquet was made of potatoes, and even the brandy and liqueurs were the product of the same vegetable. This was Parmentier's final proof to his skeptical fellow-countrymen that potatoes were not poison, as they persisted in believing. Louis XVI. himself was one of Parmentier's earliest converts, granted him land on which to grow his plants, and did not disdain to wear the potato flower in a buttonhole. Then Parmentier cleverly posted guards round his potato fields by day and withdrew them by night, so that people were tempted to come then, steal, eat, and be convinced. The all-potato banquet was the climax of the great campaign.

AN eminent lawyer was once cross-examining a very clever woman, mother of the plaintiff in a breach of promise action, and was completely worsted in the encounter of wits. At the close, however, he turned to the jury and exclaimed: "You saw, gentlemen, that even I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?"

By this adroit stroke of advocacy he turned his failure into a success.

A NEW pastor was met by one of his parishioners who was fat and of many years, and who said to the pastor: "You must feed the sheep." Whereupon the pastor replied: "My dear old man, you do not need food, you need exercise."

GETTING AT THE TRUTH.

Coca-Cola People Prove the Perfect Purity of Their Pleasing Product.

Would you take away a woman's character by gossip unless you were *sure* of what you were talking about?

Have you any more right to attack the character of any article of commerce unless you know actually—not by hearsay, but by actual *proof*—that it is what you say it is? Do you realize that when you say or believe and repeat untrue things about such an article you are unwarrantedly robbing the makers of that article of just so much of their just and honest trade?

Yet people occasionally (not frequently, because most people are properly informed), through ignorance or malice say that Coca-Cola contains cocaine. This is absolutely and unequivocally untrue. The reports of world-famous chemists, and even of Government experts, have disproved this malicious falsehood time after time. Yet dishonest competitors of the Coca-Cola Company continue to revive it through the medium of sincere but hysterical or totally ignorant people whom they have used as mouthpieces.

Why, it is easily shown how ignorantly some of these attacks are made when the mouthpieces speak or write of the beverage as C-O-C-O-A COLA instead of C-O-C-A Cola.

When anyone writes, prints or tells you that Coca-Cola is a harmful, drug-habit-forming, or dangerous beverage for young or old, you can put it down right then and there as a falsehood arising from wicked maliciousness or absolute ignorance. If you have an opportunity, tell them to have Coca-Cola analyzed by any honest, *competent* chemist, then to submit this analysis to any honest, capable physician and get his statement as to the wholesomeness of Cocoa-Cola. Then let him send to the Coca-Cola Company at Atlanta, Ga., and get (free) copies of analysis made by chemists who know as much in a minute as Coca-Cola's detractors know in a year—chemists who are scattered in cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific and are famous for their scientific attainments.

Then when they've spread these facts before them, tell them they ought to go out into the highways and byways and frankly acknowledge their mistake and then apologize to the Coca-Cola Company for filching their character.

Just as an example of the many statements the Coca-Cola Company have on file regarding its delicious beverage, we print herewith the following analysis of Coca-Cola:

Chicago, April 15, 1907.

We beg leave to report to you the result of analysis of Coca-Cola. We purchased in the open market an original package of one gallon of Coca-Cola. The contents of this jug were submitted to a very careful and exhaustive analysis for cocaine and alcohol, and we failed to find any trace of either. Caffeine was found to the extent of .2 of one per cent. The amount of caffeine contained in one ounce of Coca-Cola used for making one glass of the prepared drink, is less than one-half that is contained in a cup of coffee of average strength.

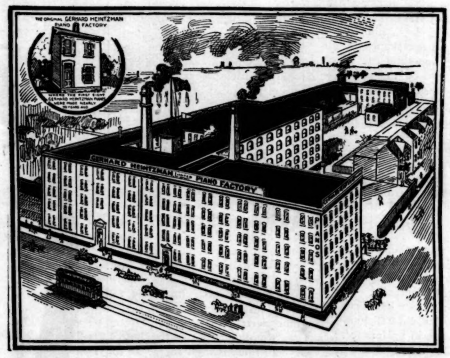
Very respectfully submitted,
THE COLUMBUS LABORATORIES,
Per J. A. Wesener.

And don't forget while you're reading this that it is because millions of people like Coca-Cola that it has aroused the envy of unscrupulous competitors. Why even the arrow design so long used by the Coca-Cola Company has been imitated by advertisers, who have gained the mistaken idea that it is the advertising of Coca-Cola that has made it so popular instead of its deliciousness and wholesomeness. For you never tasted anything more delicious and refreshing. It is a prime thirst quencher and leaves the nicest taste of anything you ever drank at the soda fountain.

WHEN BUYING A PIANO

THE most important thing to consider when buying a piano is, *who made it?* Is the maker an experienced piano maker?

You can't tell much about a piano by just looking at it. You can't tell about its lasting qualities by playing on it a few times, *but you can* tell everything about a piano if you know the record of the maker.



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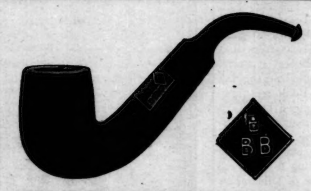

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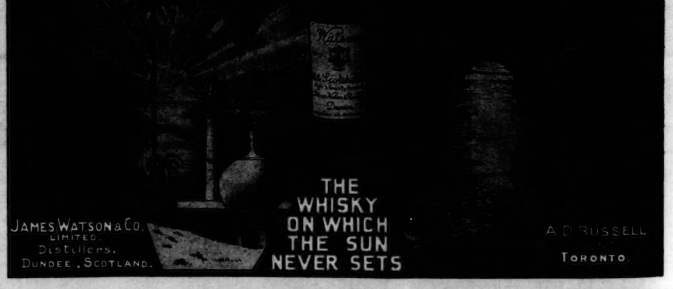

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